

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3505.—VOL. CXXVIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

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THE KING AT ROYAL ASCOT: HIS MAJESTY AT THE NATIONAL GARDEN-PARTY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ASCOT.

Ascot opened on June 19 in glorious weather. His Majesty was present, but the Queen, owing to her recent bereavement, did not attend. There was no state procession this year. In the Royal Enclosure there were at least eighteen hundred people.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM very glad that Father Vaughan has tried to make the comfortable classes feel uncomfortable; though perhaps it is still doubtful whether he will succeed. The upper classes are always congratulating themselves upon the fact that they are not arrogant. They have been taught that in the past the upper classes always turned up their noses at everything. But the upper classes were never fond of turn-up noses. The whole aim of an aristocracy is not to turn up its nose, but to turn down its nose: hence its love of the aquiline nose. The aquiline nose is the condescending nose. It indicates good-nature, a casual but benevolent ease. Even the old aristocracy turned down its nose. The rich never did turn up their noses in quite so ostentatious a manner as these people suppose. But in so far as the old aristocracy was more ostentatious it was simply because the old aristocracy was more humble. They wore more gorgeous costumes because they were more humble. They went clad in crimson and gold, they loaded themselves with silver armour or purple plumage, because they were more humble. They had their names cried in front of them with blasts of a trumpet, they had their shields borne before them covered with the complex glory of their blood, because compared with our modern nobles they were incarnations of humility. At the back of their minds was the ultimate idea that they were only ordinary men, and that if they were to impress others it must be by some splendid physical shock, by the abrupt blaze of steel, by the shattering tongue of trumpets, by that passionate apocalypse which is called colour. In short, the old-fashioned gentleman felt in his heart that he was an ordinary man, and dressed like an extraordinary man in the symbols and totems of his house. The new gentleman feels himself to be an extraordinary man, and dresses like an ordinary man out of the unfathomable insolence of his pride. The old Duke asked that his Dukedom should be admired for the sake of his blazonings and bright weapons. The new Duke asks that his old top-hat should be admired for the sake of his Dukedom. The old aristocrat, being humble (or vain, for the two things are much the same), asserted aristocracy by means of every human attraction. The new aristocrat, being proud, asserts aristocracy against every human attraction. The old system asked us to respect a nobleman because he was a splendid man. The new system asks us to respect a shabby man because he is a nobleman.

This is the first of the difficulties which will confront Father Vaughan or anyone else who attempts to deal with the problem of the modern luxurious classes. I mean that the modern luxurious classes will employ the specious and somewhat plausible repartee that they are not so very luxurious. They will say, and with perfect truth, that the upper class has at least grown quieter than it used to be. In former days an English officer swaggered about in his uniform. Now he is ashamed of it. But he is really ashamed of it because he is so much more arrogant than the uniform he wears. He likes his dingy black clothes because, dingy as they are, they may distinguish him. He dislikes his uniform because it cannot distinguish him, being a fixed democratic uniform. In a word, he dislikes his uniform because it is a uniform uniform. Of course, Father Vaughan is perfectly right. If modern aristocracy is quieter, it is only because it is more violent. If society is more well bred, it is only because it is more wicked. There are some things about which no man is inclined to be vainglorious or ostentatious.

But this is the line of defence that will be adopted. It was adopted, as I noticed only the other day, in a newspaper. The journal quoted the remarks of a man who was (as it declared) a man of authority and experience in fashionable society, and who declared that society was certainly growing better rather than worse. But when I came to examine his arguments it became at once evident that what he considered signs of improvement I felt to be signs of the most horrible and alarming decay. He said, for instance, that he had noticed that a rich man now drank very little. Sometimes he drank nothing. But why should rich men with every resource of health and pleasure drink nothing or little? Obviously (I should imagine) because they had already drunk a great deal too much. That a man in middle age should have to knock himself off God's good wine altogether may possibly prove his prudence. It certainly does not prove his temperance. It would be uncharitable to say that it proves his intemperance. But it uncommonly often means it.

But the Society man in the newspaper who thinks that Society is getting better said another and yet more awful thing. Among the social improvements which he mentioned was this frightful and, I trust, inaccurate detail. He said that Society people seemed to be caring more about their health. This is absolutely apocalyptic, which is the end of the world. Who does care about his health, except some extremely unhealthy man? Did anyone ever meet a healthy man who took care of his health? Did anyone ever meet a healthy man who took care of anything, even the china? Healthy women take care of things; but that is their primal and eternal destiny. They take care of us. They took care of us when we were children; in their eyes they take care of us now, when we are still children. But I never heard of a man who undertook to take care of anything without smashing it up. And I think that most human beings of either sex who have any experience of the world at all will agree with me when I say that the man who takes care of things is the very worst kind of man. He may take care of old books; he may take care of crockery; he may take care of a lap-dog; he may take care of an old cat; he may take care of his neckties; he may take care of mere money and be a miser. But I think that every man, and especially every woman, will agree with me that the vilest of all these is the man who takes care of his health.

If it is really true (which only with shudders can I be induced to believe) that people in society are taking care of their health, it undoubtedly means that people in society have no health to take care of. The whole human race does, as an invariable practice in such cases, lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. For, after all, there are two sides to that proverb. It may be absurd to lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. But it is even more absurd to lock the stable door when you are out riding on the steed. When you are bestirring with your own living legs the Pegasus of health you dismiss altogether the idea of watching over it or locking it up. Its nature is to bound abroad. Its nature is to be exposed to perils. It is the nature of a horse not to be in the stable. It is the nature of health to be in danger of disease. A horse in the stable is not even a horse. A healthy man under medical supervision is not even a healthy man.

As long as the aristocracy is gorgeous, it retains at least some innocence; a gorgeousness is one of the tastes of childhood. But it is an awful evidence of guilt if they are really going in for "shredded wheat" instead of the wheat of Ceres, and for "grape-nuts" instead of grapes. For there is no nobility or tenderness in this kind of repentance; these anchorites are not seeking to save their souls, but to save their bodies. Men repent in sackcloth and ashes; they only regret in Jaeger and cellular underclothing. I detest all this modern assumption that everybody is partly ill. I detest all these glasses of hot water. If I am ill, give me medicine; if I am well, give me the food of my fathers. It is surely better even to be riotously selfish than to be carefully and timidly selfish. No doubt, as the man in the newspaper declared, Society people are taking more care of their health. So a soldier takes the greatest possible care of his health by running away.

For my part, I believe that the Fall of Man was due to the introduction of the simple life. In a state of innocence our first ancestors (I suppose) ate beef and drank beer like Christians. Then came the Tempter, the spirit of intellectual pride and intellectual perversity; he took the form of a Serpent because that form is full of an evil simplicity. And he said, with the elaborate lucidity of modern hygiene, "All these meals are unnecessary to health. Take one raw apple, Madam, in the early morning; another at noon. The apple best suited for our purpose is of particular chemical properties, at once nutritious and light; it grows on a tree which I will show you in a moment. This simpler regimen will expand the moral powers, clear the intellect, purify and exalt the feelings: it will lead you up the endless spiral of Science and Moral Evolution. You will become as gods, knowing good and evil." But the divine justice smote that liar and put him also upon a regimen. "On thy belly shalt thou go and the dust shalt thou eat." That is something like a Simple Life for you.

This theory of the Fall (which I commend to the teachers as an example of simple Bible teaching) is also supported by the story of Cain and Abel. It has often been pointed out that Cain was an agriculturist, and therefore most probably a vegetarian; while Abel kept flocks and killed and ate them. I am sure that somewhere in this fact is to be found the key of that dark and terrible story. It seems so like a vegetarian to kill his brother on strictly altruistic principles. But, however this may be, I decline to be soothed by the assurances of the social authority who delights in the increased hygiene of fashionable Society. This does not assuage the tender fears that fill me as I watch over the aristocracy. I still feel sadly responsible for them: I am still weeping for my Marquesses, and will not be comforted.

The ladies have broken out again, at Mr. Asquith's meeting, and I cannot say that they have done anything to remove the unfavourable impression I have expressed of their tactics, even considered as tactics. They appear to hold as a fundamental principle, that no meetings should be held upon any other subject beside Female Suffrage. Their main point seems to be, not so much that women ought to have votes, as that men ought not to have meetings. If I call a meeting to support the Home for Stray Cats they will turn up at it—perhaps more appropriately in that particular case. If you hold a meeting on the finances of the Deaf Child's League, they will come and wave flags and ask why the Deaf Children do not give women votes. All this is a very obvious loss of power. To be violent on every occasion is inartistic rather than immoral. Once in your life or mine, hardly more than once certainly, it may happen that it is really the right, holy, Christian, and proper thing to do to hit a man in the face. But the effect of this one most delightful episode would most certainly be diminished if I were in the habit of hitting in the face my doctor, solicitor, butcher, baker and tailor as a preliminary to all negotiations. So it seems to me that the political ladies are making their protest ineffectual. They are not making a revolution: they are making a routine. The report of every meeting will say, in a fixed formula, "The minutes having been read and confirmed and the ladies ejected, the business of the meeting began." It will be put on the agenda as a regular thing. At last it will become a quaint old ceremonial. A woman will be technically assaulted to make a meeting valid.

It cannot be too often repeated in this connection that what makes this female demonstration wrong is not that it is coarse or coercive; it is that it is not representative. It sins profoundly against that airy principle of representative government to which its agents appeal. If an Irish member were to defy authority and make a disturbance, he would do it on the avowed principle that, if the thousand Irishmen he represented were there in his place, they would do the same. But does even Mrs. Pankhurst believe that she could ever induce the majority of women, whatever else they gave up, to give up their personal dignity?

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GIFT TO THE "ZOO."

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his recent tour in India, acquired a remarkably interesting and valuable collection of wild and domesticated animals. These he has now generously presented to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, where, doubtless, they will excite as much attention as did a similar collection brought back just thirty years ago by his Majesty the King, when, as Prince of Wales, he made his memorable tour of our Indian Empire.

As we might suppose, tigers are represented here, and extremely well too; inasmuch as a remarkably fine full-grown specimen exhibits so much of the ferocity always associated with these animals that its cage has had to be specially strengthened to avoid unpleasant accidents. Two tiger-cubs form a pleasing contrast in the matter of temper, being playful as kittens. For the accommodation of two Himalayan bears, a special bear-pit has been constructed, provided with a pole in the middle, and up and down this one or other of the captives is always climbing.

A diminutive elephant and an equally juvenile rhinoceros are sure to attract attention. They will furthermore prove valuable additions to the Gardens from a scientific point of view, furnishing material in the study of the development of these animals not often obtainable. The elephant, for example, at present has a low receding forehead, and no tusks. In course of time this forehead will take on the huge protuberant shape characteristic of the Indian elephant; but the increased size in this region of the skull, it must be remarked, is due to the introduction of wind, and not to the growth of the brain! To be exact, the bones of the forehead become enormously distended by a series of air-chambers. And by this device an increased surface for the attachment of muscles is obtained without adding greatly to the weight of the skull: this additional muscular surface being necessary to support the great trunk, huge teeth—which weigh about seventeen pounds apiece—and the tusks! The feature which will be most interesting about the rhinoceros centres in the growth of the nasal "horn," which, as a matter of fact, is not a horn, in the usual sense of the term, but a mass of hairs cemented together. At the present time this remarkable weapon is conspicuous by its absence.

Some interesting deer and antelopes will be found here. Among the former we would direct special attention to the barasingha, or swamp deer—noteworthy at present for their lack of horns, and great ears—the little hog-deer, and Muntjac. The hog-deer is held in high regard by sportsmen, who shoot it from the back of an elephant, or chase it on horse-back, armed with a spear as in pig-sticking forays. But whichever device is adopted for its slaughter, great skill in bringing the victim to earth is required. The specimens in this collection as yet lack their horns, which are of a very simple type, and remarkable for the fact that they arise from a long, hair-covered base.

The Muntjac are peculiar among deer, possessing the unusual armature of tusks as well as horns. These horns, by the way, differ from those of all other deer except the hog-deer, in that each arises from a hairy pillar, and this is of great length, much greater than in the hog-deer. This animal is known also as the "barking deer," on account of the strange, resonant bark which it utters, generally when alarmed. Further, when running it makes a curious rattling sound, the origin of which is yet a mystery. Like the hog-deer, it is hunted, and when brought to bay by dogs it not seldom succeeds in inflicting serious wounds on its adversaries with its sharp-pointed tusks. But the animals brought home by the Prince are still more interesting, inasmuch as they are albinos. For some time, however, it is feared that it will be impossible to exhibit them, as they are so wild.

Antelopes are represented by the beautiful nilgai, the tiny four-horned antelope, and the black buck. The nilgai, the largest of the Indian antelopes, is a near relative of the giant eland of Africa, and is peculiar in that the bulls differ from the cows in colour. Though occasionally hunted, it is not greatly esteemed by sportsmen.

By reason of its four horns the little "chousinga," or four-horned antelope, enjoys a unique position among wild ruminants. The black buck are handsome creatures, and will doubtless excite no little curiosity among visitors to the Gardens on account of the strange habit they have of opening and closing a large gland in front of the eye. This gland, at certain seasons of the year, emits a peculiar fluid having a strong smell. As this drops on to the foliage as the bucks make their way over the grass land which they frequent, they can be scented by their mates should they become separated. The black buck is commonly hunted in India with the cheetah or hunting leopard, and occasionally by greyhounds, but unless the ground is soft dogs stand but little chance of killing.

An unusually interesting group of domesticated sheep are included in this collection. Among them will be found one or two with spirally twisted horns of great beauty, while others exhibit gradations in number ranging from one to four! But the strangest of all are those whose horns have grown together so as to form a huge butting weapon, perfectly solid, and terminating in a pair of fork-like prongs. Occasionally these terminal points grow so long that they have to be cut off to prevent injury to the animal's neck. Sheep of this variety have never before been seen alive in this country, and so far nothing appears to be known of their origin.

During the summer this most valuable collection will form a separate exhibition, a large area on the north bank of the canal having been set aside for this purpose. And further to increase its accessibility a new bridge has been constructed across the canal near the zebra-house. This new part of the gardens is to be known as the "Prince of Wales's Exhibition Ground," but will be used, it is hoped, from time to time, for special exhibitions of animals from other parts of the Empire.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

MUSIC.

"LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME."

M. MASSENET has given us of his best, and Maurice Lénà, author of the miracle-play that inspired the veteran musician, has written a poem full of rare and beautiful qualities upon a theme that has inspired many writers, including Anatole France. Romance, poetry, and humour go to the making of the libretto of the "Jongleur de Notre Dame"; while Massenet's music is full of the spirit of mediæval ecclesiasticism, is tinged delicately with romance, responds to the poet's fancy, and fails only when it seeks to interpret his lightest mood. Few successful men preserve their sense of humour, and since Massenet wrote "Don César de Bazan," thirty years ago and more, his path has been strewn with roses.

The story of Jean the Jongleur should be familiar by now. He came one day tired and hungry into the market-place of Cluny, and because the villagers would not listen to his stock songs and tricks he sang the profane "Alleluia du Vin," after due apology and explanation to the Virgin. The Prior came upon the scene and rebuked the Juggler, but, touched by his sincere repentance, invited him to join the brotherhood of the Church. And Jean, after one despairing song to Liberty, the Pagan goddess he had loved so well, surrendered, not so much to the Prior as to hunger and thirst. Among the monks he alone could render no due thanks to the Virgin—he lacked Latin and could but eat and drink. The cook, Father Boniface, consoled him by reciting an exquisite legend of the Rose and the Sage, setting out the little herb's service to the Virgin, and told him that while those who could brought gold and incense, the shepherd's song to the accompaniment of his reed pipe was no less acceptable on high. Then Jean bethought him of his old trade, and went stealthily to the altar and offered his old performance before the Virgin, singing and dancing as of old time in the market-place of Cluny. In an ecstasy of adoration he did not hear the monks gathering behind him, he did not hear their angry cries—and he did not even see that the figure of the Virgin glowed with mysterious light. When the awe-stricken monks told him what they saw, joy overcame him, he saw the heavens opened and a vision of Paradise, and died at the foot of the altar. "Heureux les simples, car ils verront Dieu," said the Prior, and the miracle was accomplished, the story told.

To the setting of this charming fancy, which, by the way, has its counterpart in Talmudic literature, Massenet has brought his ripest gifts and a measure of restraint as welcome as it is rare. There are no lapses into mere sentimentality, the composer's besetting sin; there is no vulgarity in the orchestral treatment, the influence of early Church music is suggested repeatedly in chaste and delicate fashion. Some of the numbers are exquisite, notably the "Alleluia du Vin," with its accompaniment upon the viola d'amore, the song to Liberty, "Insoucieuse Fée au clair sourire d'or," the musicians' song in the second act, the legend of the Sage and the Rose, the pastoral connecting the second and third acts, and Jean's "Robin et Marion," which seems to come to us from years five centuries dead. Blended with these are many beautiful suggestions of church music, such as the "Benedicite," in the first act; and when the score is considered carefully it will be found to be full of a subdued beauty that marks a wonderful advance upon the earlier work of the composer, such as "Le Roi de Lahore," and "Manon."

In an opera that dispenses with female voices, or, to be more exact, restricts their use to the chorus, we look for exceptional singing, and Covent Garden has not failed us. M. Laffitte, who takes the part of Jean, has realised the possibilities of the story in fashion that stamps him an artist of the first order, and M. Gilibert, in all his brilliant career, has given us nothing quite as fine as his Boniface. The old man is the choicest blend of love, faith, and good living that the opera stage has seen. The Prior (M. Seveilhac) and the musician (M. Crabbé) also deserve unstinted praise; their singing is beautiful, their acting discreet.

MR. DE PACHMANN'S LAST RECITAL.

On June 16 Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his last pianoforte recital for the season at the Bechstein Hall. The *clou* of the performance was the playing of Weber's too well-known "Invitation to the Waltz," which Mr. de Pachmann raised above the commonplace by his corrections of the versions of Henselt and Tausig, the last, as he said confidentially to his audience, "a horrible, base version." The master's little impromptu lectures are as delightful as his performances. In Chopin, of course, he was, as ever, supreme.

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SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE—JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER.

Numerous and important additions and improvements in the train service on the London and North Western Railway will be made for the summer months, including new Corridor Trains with luncheon and refreshment cars, as well as Sleeping Saloon Expresses between Euston, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North, in both directions.

Additional Express Trains, with corridor, luncheon and dining cars, will also be established between Liverpool, Manchester and Scotland.

New Express Trains for tourists and families will be run from Euston, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, to North and Central Wales, the Cambrian Line, Blackpool, Morecambe, and the English Lake District.

The train service between Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Bristol, the West of England and South Wales, will be improved and augmented.

BELFAST AND LONDON via FLEETWOOD. Commencing June 30 a new Express Train calling at Preston, Crewe, and Willesden Junction only, will leave Fleetwood at 8.5 a.m. on Sundays in connection with the steamer leaving Belfast at 11.40 p.m. on Saturday nights. The arrival at Euston will be 12.40 p.m.

THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE FROM ENGLAND TO CORK, WATERFORD, AND KILLARNEY, is via HOLYHEAD and DUBLIN.

Euston Station, London, 1906. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE EAST COAST

FOR

A BRACING HOLIDAY.

FAST TRAINS. ——— CHEAP TICKETS.

LONDON and

CROMER 2 hrs. 55 mins.

LOWESTOFT 2 hrs. 36 mins.

YARMOUTH 2 hrs. 30 mins.

FELIXSTOWE 1 hr. 51 mins.

CLACTON 1 hr. 44 mins.

Commencing July 2.

CORRIDOR CARRIAGES,

BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS.

Tourist, Fortnightly, and Week-End Tickets.

THE BROADS.

YACHTING, FISHING, RAIL and BOAT EXCURSIONS.

GOLFING IN EAST ANGLIA.

FARMHOUSE AND COUNTRY LODGINGS LIST.

HALF-DAY EXPRESS TRIP

3s. TO CLACTON ON SEA 3s.

EVERY THURSDAY.

Full particulars sent gratis upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

STRATHPEFFER.

The Highland Sulphur Spa and Watering Place is exquisitely situated amidst the finest of Highland Scenery, and is yearly attaining a more eminent place among the Spas and Watering Places of Europe.

Peculiarly favoured as to climate, its pure, bracing air—yet exceedingly mild—and charming surroundings make

STRATHPEFFER AN IDEAL RESORT.

Fuller information as to Train Service, Fares, &c., on application to

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY, T. A. WILSON, General Manager.

MALOJA—ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND.

Altitude 6000 feet.

HÔTELS KURSAAL PALACE et CHÂTEAU BELVÉDÈRE.

Completely renovated and brought up to date, 1906.

New Sanitary Installations.

Apartments with Private Baths.

English Billiards. Golf. Tennis. Motor-Boats.

Prettiest Spot in the Engadine. Manager: F. SMART.

Same Proprietors: Hotel Gallia, CANNES (Alpes Marit.)

HARROGATE—DELIGHTFUL HEALTH RESORT.

WORLD-RENOUNDED MINERAL SPRINGS (upwards of 80).

FINEST BATHS IN EUROPE. Hydrotherapy of every description.

Bracing Moorland Air. Splendid Scenery. Walks and Drives.

Good and Varied Entertainments daily in new Kursaal.

Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from Town Clerk, HARROGATE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Portraits.

Bishop Welldon, Canon of Westminster, who has just been appointed Dean of Manchester, is now fifty-two years of age, and has been Head Master of Dulwich College and Harrow. In 1898 Dr. Welldon was appointed Bishop of Calcutta,

Captain Seymour Clarke Bull, who was killed by the villagers near Tintah, in Upper Egypt, last Thursday week, entered the Inniskilling Dragoons from the Militia when the regiment was mobilising for service in South Africa. He served all through the campaign, and took part in many actions, including those at the Vet and Zand Rivers, Diamond Hill, Riet Vlei, and the fighting round Johannesburg and Pretoria. He received medals

at Glasgow, Wishaw, Leeds, Chesterfield, Northampton, and Oldham. For five years he was the Principal of the Manchester College. He is a graduate of Glasgow University, a good preacher, and one of the leaders of his Church.

Henry Nelson Pillsbury, the great chess-player, died at Philadelphia on Monday last. He was born near Boston in December 1872, and made his first mark as a



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

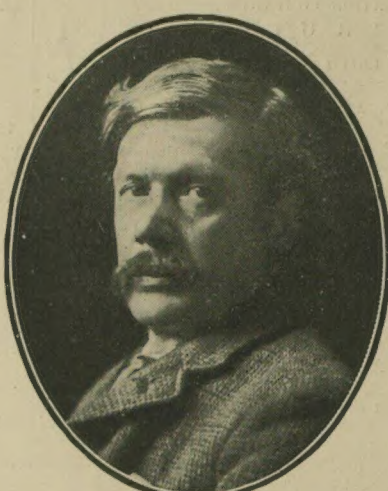
BISHOP WELLDON,
New Dean of Manchester.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. ALFRED EAST,
New President R. B. A.

Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MR. H. N. PILLSBURY,
Famous Chess-Player.CAPTAIN S. C. BULL,
Killed in Egypt.

but he was forced to resign his position three years later owing to ill health, and on his return to England he was presented with the Canonry of Westminster, from which he now passes to Manchester.

Mr. Clarence John Threlkeld Sewell has been bracketed Senior Wrangler in the recent Tripos. He was born at Peterborough, and is the son of the Rev. T. J. Sewell, now of Sittingbourne. He was educated at Winchester and went up to Trinity, of which he is also University Abbott Scholar.

India claims the other Senior Wrangler, Mr. A. T. Rajan, who is bracketed equal with Mr. Sewell. Mr. Rajan was born at Madras in 1883. He has attempted the Tripos in his second year, and he has no reason to regret it.

Mr. William John Harrison, the Third Wrangler, is a Scholar of Clare College. He was born in London in 1884, was educated at the Haselrigge Road L.C.C. School, and afterwards at Dulwich.

Sir Ralph Neville, the new Judge of the Chancery Division, was born in 1848, and educated at Tonbridge and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn more than thirty years ago, and joined the Northern Circuit, practising in the Chancery Court of Lancashire. Sir Ralph took silk in the year 1888, and was leader in Mr. Justice Romer's court until he began to practise as a special, when he might have been seen and heard in several courts. He sat in Parliament between 1887 and 1895.

Mr. P. C. Doogan, the member for East Tyrone, died at his residence in County Fermanagh on Friday last. He was a highly respected member of the Nationalist Party, entered Parliament in 1895, and succeeded

and clasps for the campaign, and was the senior subaltern in his regiment. When fate overtook him he was in his thirty-second year.

Mr. Alfred East, the new President of the Royal Society of British Artists, and one of our leading landscape painters, was born at Kettering rather more than fifty-six years ago, and studied art in Glasgow and Paris. He has received honours from many countries, including France, Italy, Germany, and Japan, and his work is to

chess-player in the tournaments of the Brooklyn Chess Club. In 1895 he was sent to take part in the international tournament at Hastings, and there he met Dr. Lasker, who held the championship of the world, and other great players like Tschigorin and Dr. Tarrasch. Everybody interested in chess will remember that Pillsbury, who was then only twenty-three years old, came out ahead of all competitors. By his defeat of Showalter, Pillsbury secured the championship of the

United States, and in 1899 he was seen in London, where Dr. Lasker was the winner of a great tournament. The younger man drew with him, in one of the finest games ever seen. Pillsbury could play twenty blind-fold games simultaneously, and it is said that in Russia he once conducted thirty games without seeing the board.

Parliament. In opposing the Public Trustee Bill, Mr. G. H. Radford said the officer who would be appointed under this Bill could not be offered less than £5000 a year, and if they gave him that salary they must, of

course, appoint a proper number of subordinates to do his work for him. The trustee under the Bill, said Mr. R. Pearce, would be a hydra-headed monster, who would swallow up large sums of money. Nevertheless, the second reading was agreed to without a division. The Government's proposals for closing the Education Bill, and for an Autumn Session, aroused considerable interest. The Prime Minister said there was a growing reluctance to sit through August and September. Indeed, he was not sure that they would not soon commence the Parliamentary year with the autumn Session and wind up in July. The principal Bill of the present Session was the Education Bill, a measure not



Photo. Stearn.

MR. C. J. T. SEWELL,
Bracketed Senior Wrangler.

Photo. Stearn.

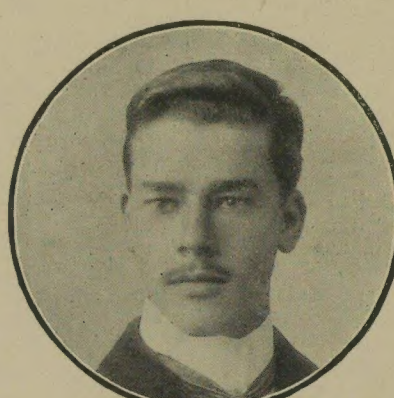
MR. A. T. RAJAN,
Bracketed Senior Wrangler.

Photo. Hallis.

MR. W. J. HARRISON,
Third Wrangler.

WRANGLERS OF 1906 IN THE CAMBRIDGE TRIPOS.

be met in many cities—Paris, Budapest, Venice, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds. He is a member of the Arts and the Alpine Clubs.

Canon Barnett, who succeeds to the Canonry of Westminster, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Welldon, is a Bristol man, and is in his sixty-third year. He was educated privately, and graduated from Wadham College, Oxford. For more than twenty years he was Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and in this crowded East End parish he did splendid work, founding the famous Toynbee Hall, of which he was first Warden. Since 1893 he has been a Canon in his native town, but the work there has done nothing to reduce the great



Photo. Russell.

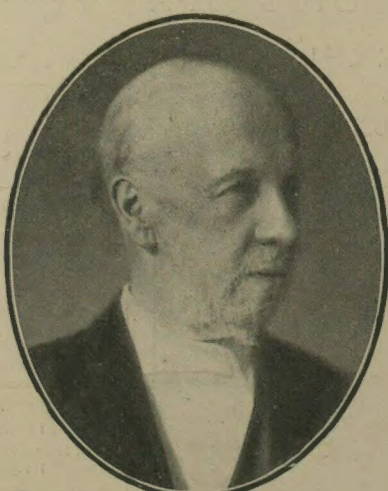
THE LATE MR. P. C. DOOGAN,
M.P. for East Tyrone.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

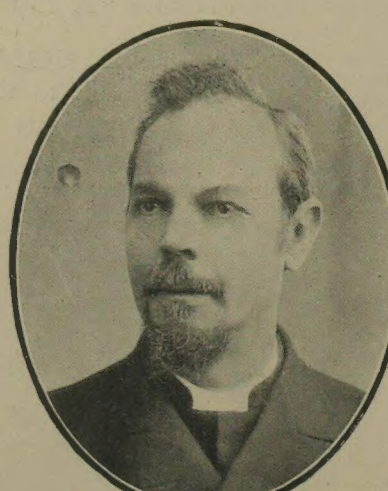
CANON BARNETT,
New Canon of Westminster.

Photo. Taylor.

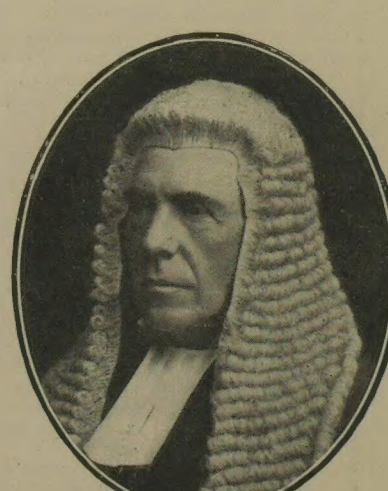
THE REV. G. PARKIN,
President of the Primitive Methodist Conference.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR RALPH NEVILLE,
New Judge.

in retaining his seat at the two subsequent General Elections, though his majorities upon these occasions were no more than 76 and 31. He was a very regular attendant at the House of Commons, and in private life was a well-respected and successful farmer. He had been detained in Ireland for some time past in consequence of the illness that proved fatal last week.

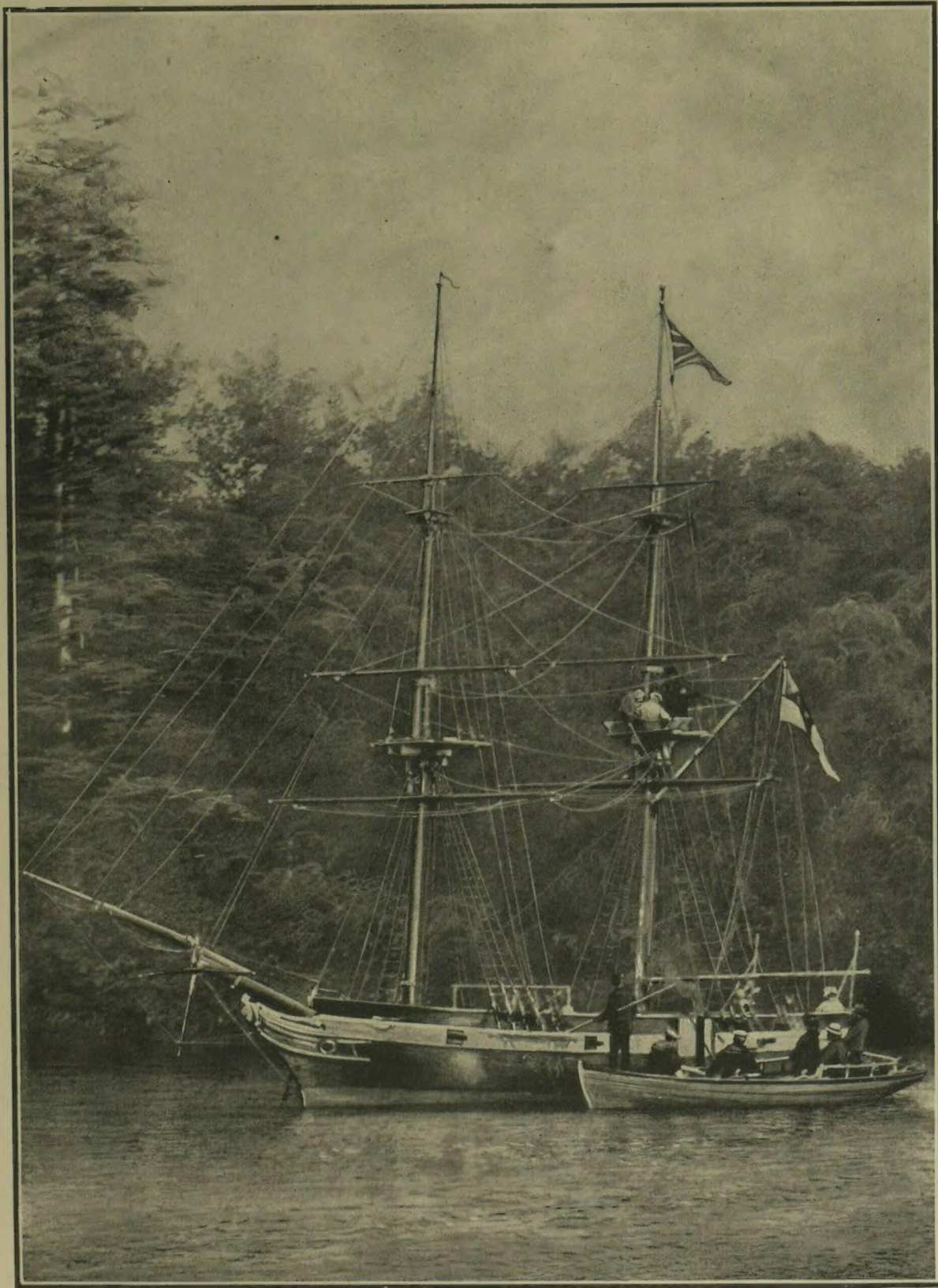
interest he has always taken in the social problems of the Metropolis. Canon Barnett is an authority upon the Poor-Law system of this country and a very liberal Churchman.

The Rev. G. Parkin is the new President of the Primitive Methodist Conference. He has been in the ministry for thirty-seven years, having been stationed

of great length and dealing with a subject which had been much discussed during the last four years. An unlimited amount of further discussion would not be justified. He intensely disliked this irregular interference with full liberty of debate, but had never denied that the use of the closure was justified. He trusted that, having regard to its own reputation as a business assembly, the

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS IN EDUCATION: PRINCES' SEAMANSHIP—WRANGLERS' WOODEN SPOONS.

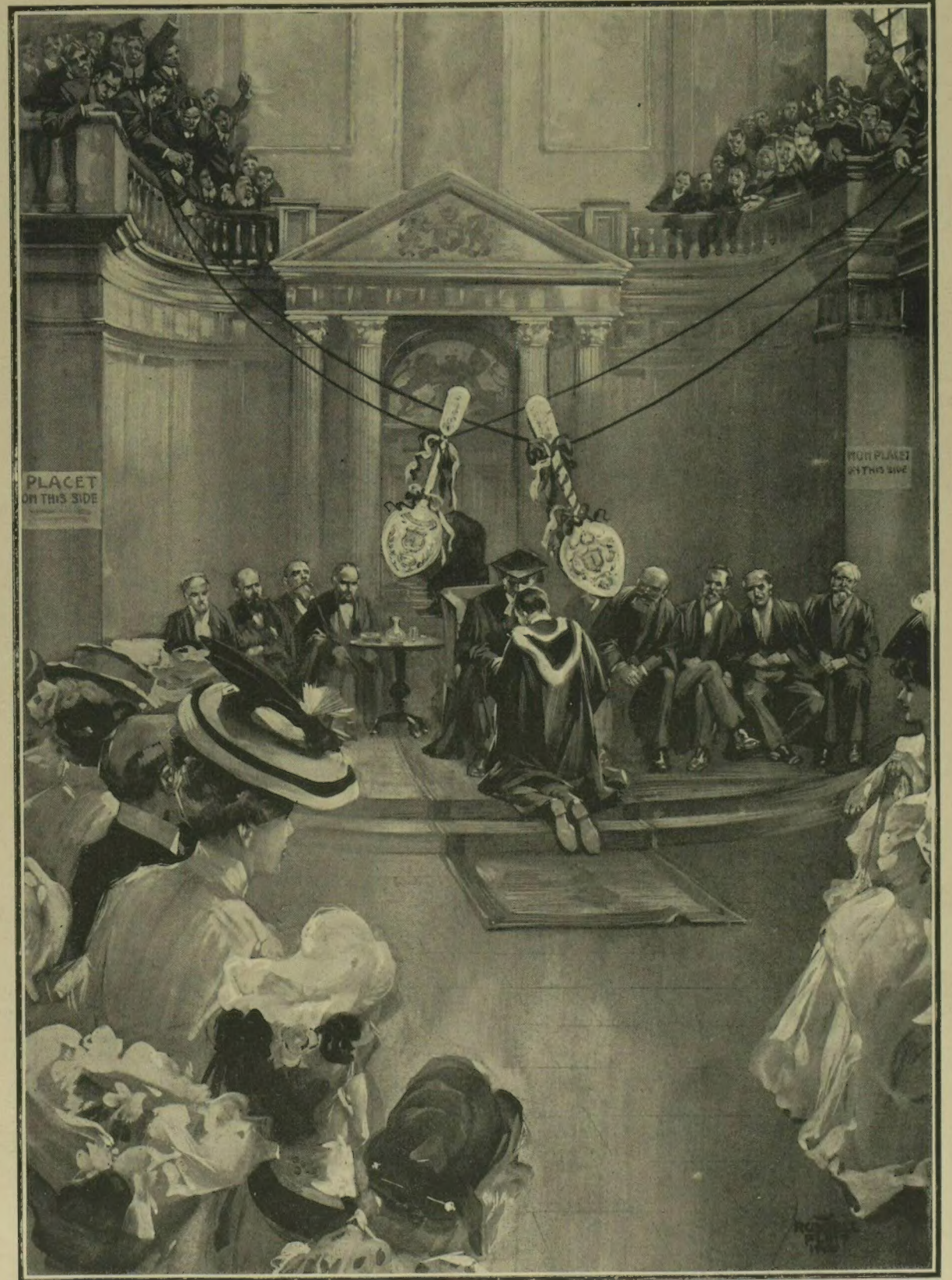
PHOTOGRAPH BY END; DRAWING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A SKETCH BY F. KEEN, CAMBRIDGE.



Queen. King.

OUR PRINCELY JACK TARS' LESSON IN SEAMANSHIP BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

One day recently the King and Queen, with Princes Edward and Albert of Wales, visited the model brig on Virginia Water. Their Majesties looked on with great interest while their grandsons swarmed up the rigging and took a lesson in seamanship from one of the sailors in charge of the brig.



A DOUBLE EVENT IN WOODEN SPOONS: THE PROBABLE END OF A HISTORIC CEREMONY.

This year two men were bracketed equal for the lowest place in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, and accordingly two wooden spoons were presented by the Undergraduates as the nethermost Wranglers knelt before the Vice-Chancellor. By another year, probably, individual places in the Tripos will be abolished and the wooden spoon will disappear.



WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLO-MATCH: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

England fulfilled expectations by winning the match at Hurlingham. The players in the home team (from left to right) are Mr. Patteson Nickalls, Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, and Mr. Morris Nickalls.

House would accept the scheme he proposed. Mr. Balfour replied that to come down in June and say there must be an autumn Session and the gag must be put on now was surely the greatest legislative *non sequitur* ever proposed by a Government. The House knew nothing about the Government finance in this Bill. Part 4, giving administrative home rule to Wales and touching the very essence of our Constitutional practice was to be dealt with in one day. A bare canvas with a few charcoal lines sketched on it was to be presented, and the House would be asked to fill in the rest of the picture in a few hours. The present Government, by abusing the power which numbers gave them, had contributed to the degradation of the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith pointed out that no one had made more such inroads on the freedom of debate than Mr. Balfour, and Dr. Macnamara thought that Mr. Balfour's speech was a delightful example of Satan rebuking sin. Mr. T. W. Russell said the Opposition could expect no sympathy from the country. The people felt there was too much talk in that House. Lord Robert Cecil declared that he would assist any Tariff Reformer who was opposed to this Bill. The Government were making the House a kind of Chicago sausage-machine.

The Meat-Packing Scandal.

The packers of Chicago find themselves between the devil and the deep sea, the former being represented by President Roosevelt, while the deep sea may be considered as the place to which public opinion would willingly consign American potted meat if it were not for the opposition of those interested in the fishing industry. The House Committee of Agriculture, before which the Meat Inspection Bill has come, fought tooth and nail to obtain a measure that would enable the packers to have just as much or as little inspection as they felt prepared to face, and that at the public expense; to use as many preservatives as they cared to, and to be free from the necessity of attaching a date to their tins. Perhaps the description of the potted stuff exhausts their imagination. It is likely that President Roosevelt will yield upon the point of dates, but he declines to make any other concessions, and the

packers realise unless their Bill bears his *imprimatur* they may still be compelled to rely upon their fellow citizens to eat the abominations that have been accepted hitherto by the world at large. Chicago's worthy traders feel Mr. Roosevelt's action in coming between their poison and their public is distinctly unpatriotic, seeing that the bulk of the delicacies that Chicago produces finds its way to Europe. After all, it was an



THE PAUPER'S PARADISE: POPLAR WORKHOUSE.

It is said that the paupers of Poplar have been living too luxuriously at the public expense. The story goes that one pauper persuaded the Master to give him a new suit of clothes, and that in addition he received a gratuity of half-a-guinea.

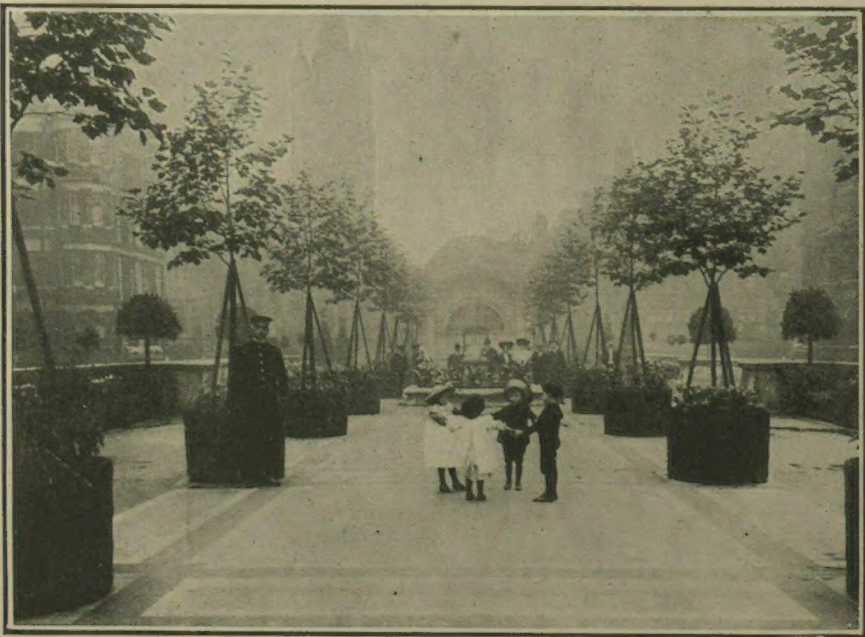
American poet who remarked that things are not what they seem, and only foolish people, with whose health packers have no concern, expect things to be otherwise.

Russian Reign of Terror. Affairs in Russia have gone from bad to worse since last we commented upon them in this place. So strained have been the relations between Duma and Government that

preparations were being made only a few days ago for the dismissal of the people's representatives. Then came a sudden and dangerous extension of the strike area, followed by horrible massacres of Jews at Bielostok, and signs of a panic on the Bourse, that was only averted by the prompt action of the Treasury and a group of bankers, who bought up the Russian Stock that investors were throwing on to the market. To make matters worse, reports of disaffection in army and navy reached headquarters in St. Petersburg. While we may be disposed to doubt the reports that come to London from excited correspondents who have never yet succeeded in understanding the strength of the Russian Government, the Bourse is absolutely reliable as a political barometer, and the exchange has risen in manner that will be regarded as ominous by those who understand. Russia seems to be upon the verge of further disturbances, and he would be a bold man who would predicate the end.

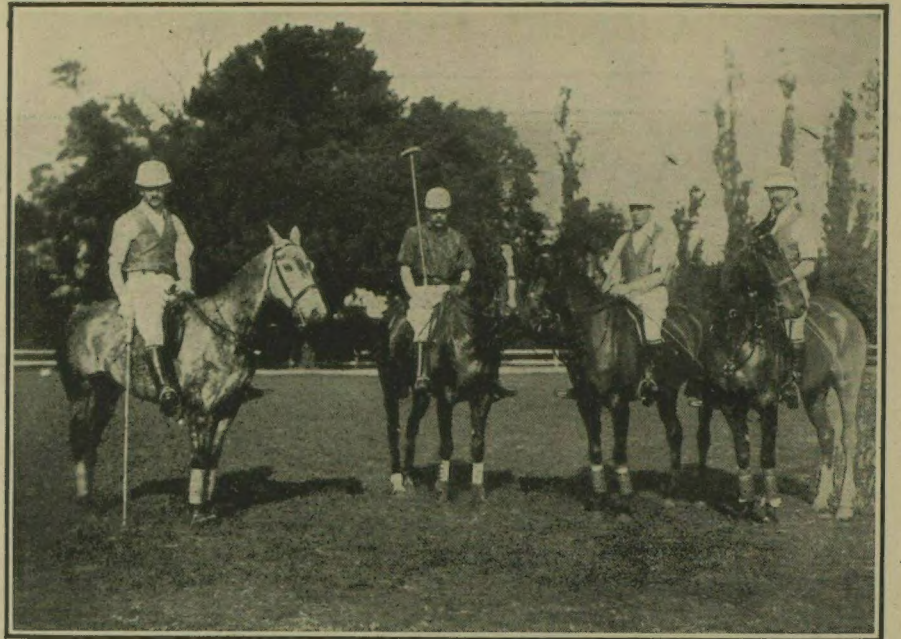
German Journalists in England. Some fifty journalists, including the editors of some leading papers, have come from Germany to England this week at the invitation of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee. The visitors will be fêted in several quarters, and will be entertained to lunch at Windsor Castle. By special arrangement they have been allowed to bring their luggage into the country without examination at the Custom House, the Government apparently having overlooked the result of admitting Greek luggage into Troy.

Morocco and its Masters. Signor Malmusi, the Italian Minister to Morocco, has reached Fez and has explained to the Sultan the terms of the agreement that was signed in Algieras. The Maghzen is desperately short of money, the ordinary Palace expenses having to be paid by local loans, and consequently the Sultan is in a very yielding mood. He has met Signor Malmusi in quite friendly fashion, and seems disposed to make the best of a situation that must, of course, be profoundly displeasing to him. The Council of Notables and the Ulema, or Theological Council, have signified their assent to the *Acte Général*.



LONDON'S NEW ROOF GARDEN IN DUKE STREET, WESTMINSTER.

The new garden was opened on June 16. It is on the roof of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation's buildings. The site was granted to the company on condition that the roof garden should be made for the public use.



INTERNATIONAL POLO AT HURLINGHAM: THE IRISH TEAM.

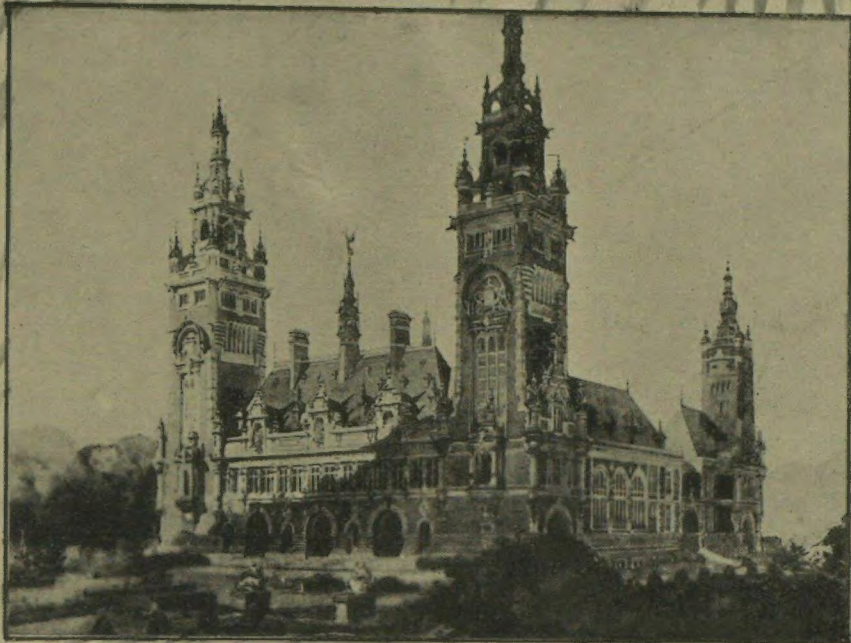
The match was played on June 16. England beat Ireland by seven goals to three. The players in the group (reading from left to right) are Mr. P. P. O'Reilly, Major K. C. O'Hara, Mr. S. A. Watt, and Mr. A. Rotherham.



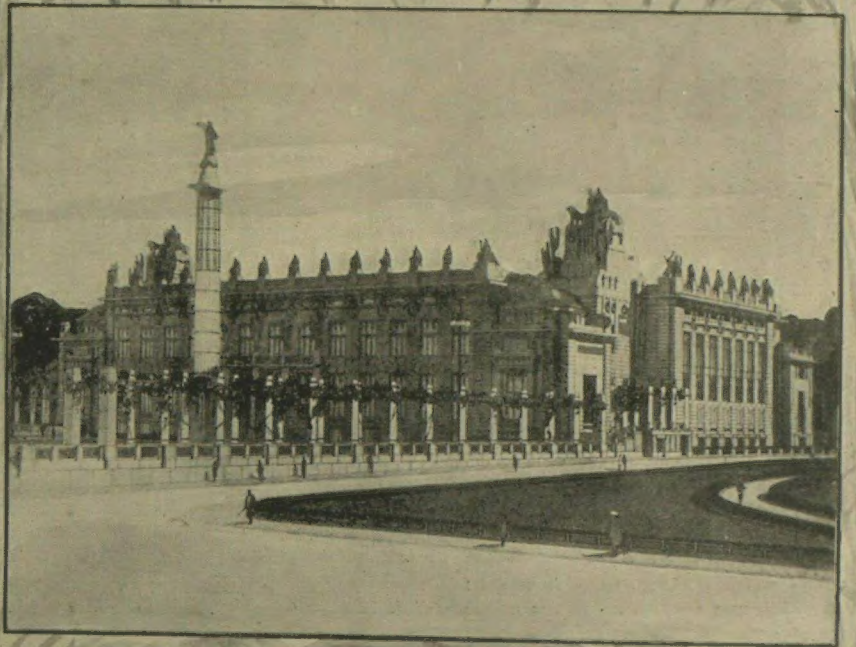
FLANNELS IN CHURCH: THE NEW DEPARTURE AT THAMES DITTON.

The Rev. B. H. Bosanquet, Vicar of Thames Ditton, announces that during the boating season special seats will be reserved in his church for persons who wish to attend in boating costume. The Vicar deserves full congregations for his unconventional spirit.

THE PROPOSED PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE: THE PRIZE DESIGNS.



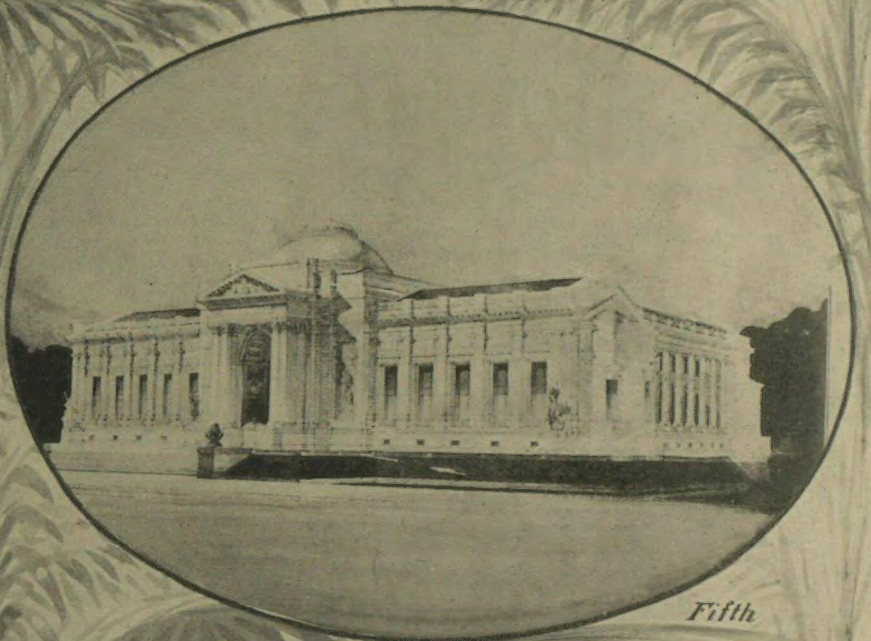
First



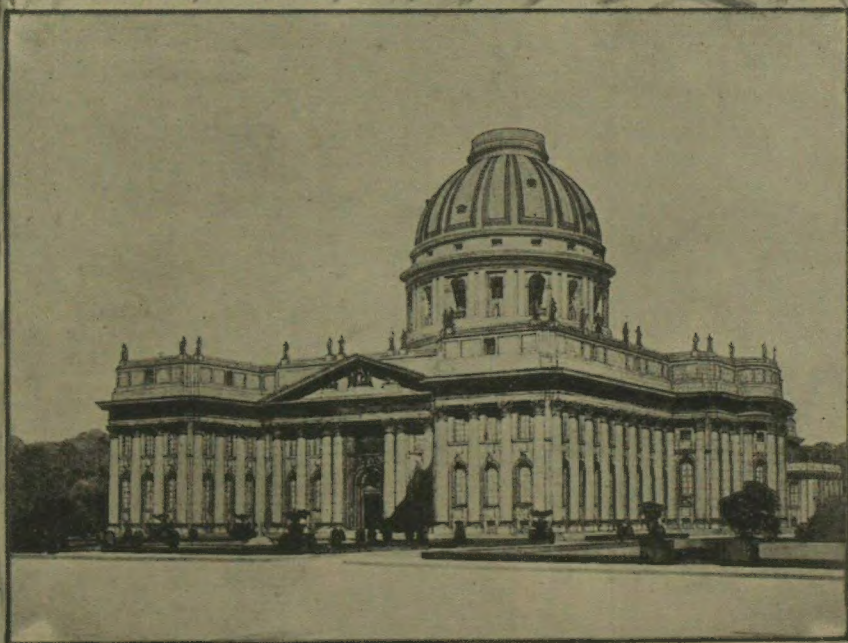
Fourth



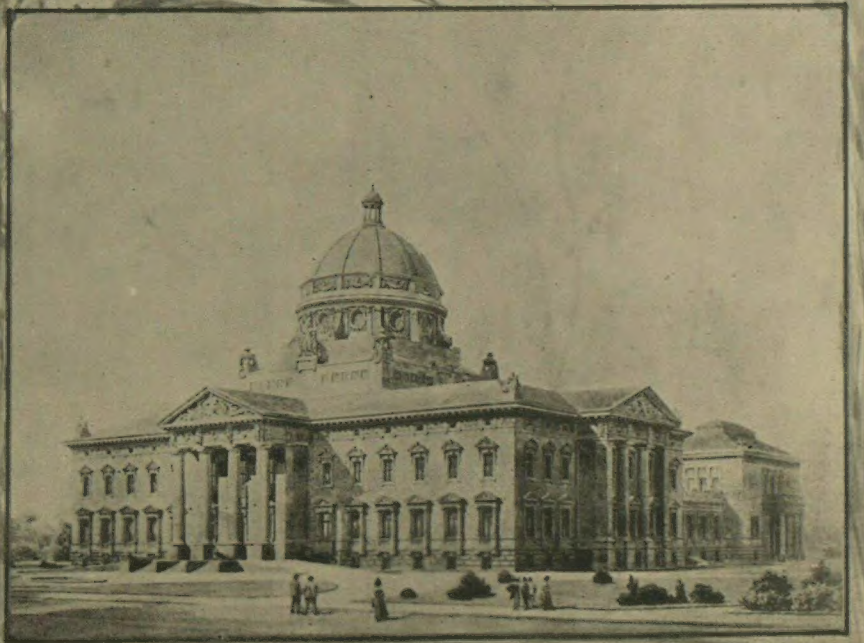
Second



Fifth



Third



Sixth

THE FIRST-PRIZE DESIGN, BY L. M. CORDONNIER, LILLE.

THE SECOND-PRIZE DESIGN, BY A. MARCEL, PARIS.

THE THIRD-PRIZE DESIGN, BY F. WENDT, CHARLOTTENBURG.

THE FOURTH-PRIZE DESIGN, BY O. WAGNER, VIENNA.

THE FIFTH-PRIZE DESIGN, BY H. GREENLEY AND H. S. OLIN, NEW YORK.

THE SIXTH-PRIZE DESIGN, BY F. SCHWECHTEN, BERLIN.

The Peace Palace at the Hague, for which Mr. Carnegie has given the money, is to be built from competitive designs. The competition was opened to the world, and the first prize has been won by M. L. M. Cordonnier, of Lille.

BIG FISH: GREAT CATCHES IN AMERICAN WATERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALLOU.



THE LARGEST TARPON CAUGHT WITH THE ROD
The tarpon weighed 213 lb. full. It was 7 feet 2 inches long, the girth was 46 inches. It was caught by N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., at Bahia Honda, Florida.



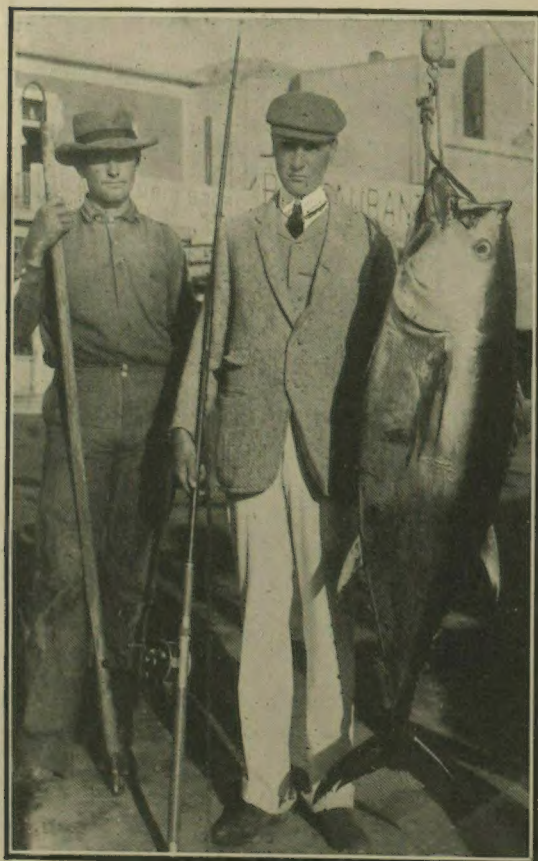
A SHARK CAUGHT IN FLORIDA.
It is very curious that when the skin of a shark is stroked from head to tail, it feels like hair cloth, but when stroked the other way it is like the sharpest sand-paper.



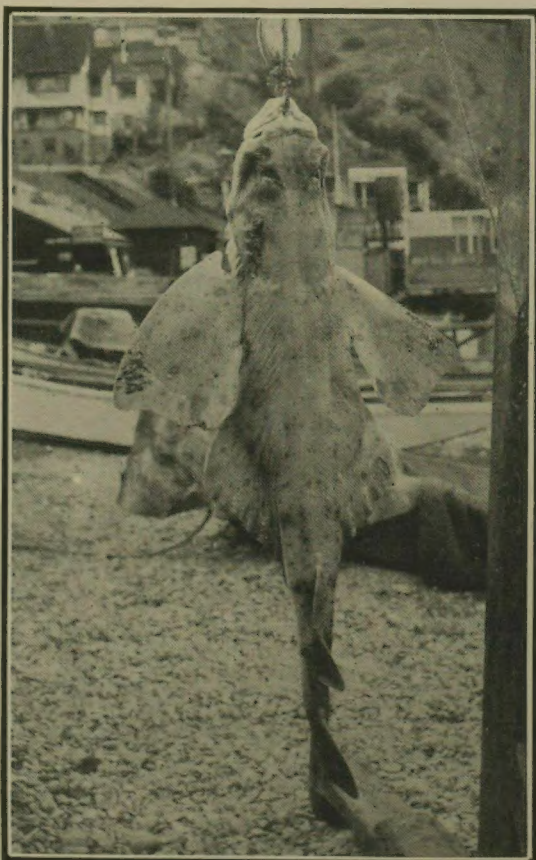
THE WORLD'S RECORD BLACK SEA BASS.
The bass weighed 436 lb., and was brought to gaff in forty-three minutes by F. G. Murphy. It was caught at Santa Catalina Island.



A FIVE-TON CATCH OF ALBACORE WITH ROD AND REEL AT SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.



A GREAT TUNA CAUGHT WITH THE ROD.
The tuna, which weighed 107 lb., was played for 1 hour 25 minutes before it was brought to gaff.



AN ANGEL FISH (THREE FEET LONG).
The angel fish belongs to a small group of ray-like sharks. Only one genus and one species is known.



CAUGHT BY A LADY: A 33-LB. STRIPED BASS.
The bass was caught by Mrs. Frances Brewer, of West Orange, New Jersey, at Ashbury Park.

THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS: "IL DIABOLO," AN OLD GAME REVIVED.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



TAKING THE SERVICE IN "IL DIABOLO."

This game, which was very popular in the last century, is coming into vogue again. In its general rules it resembles tennis, but there is no net, which is replaced by a rectangular court between two square courts. Instead of a racquet the players use two sticks connected by a silk cord, and instead of a ball they have the so-called devil, which resembles a dice-box, or two tops placed peg to peg. The devil is slung upon the cord, and is spun from the server's court into the service court. The player receiving the service allows the devil to hop once, then catches it on the silk cord, and returns it if possible. The scoring is much the same as in tennis, except that at the first fault the service passes to the opponent.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By W. S. MAUGHAM.



Illustrated by L. DAVIEL.

I DON'T know why the desire seized me once, in my youth, to take a voyage on a Spanish cargo-boat. I was staying at Cadiz, with nothing in the world to do—O most delectable condition!—and going down one day to the harbour saw a rather shabby steamer loading vast bales of merchandise. I began to talk with a sailor-man who lounged idly on the quay, and learned that she was bound for Valencia, Tarragona, and Tunis. The blue of the sea was as deep as the blue of the heavens, and Romance, that jade of flattering insincerity, put out a beckoning finger. Before I knew what had happened my soul was aflame with the desire for unknown lands, and when the second mate—for such I discovered was the garrulous seaman—told me they sometimes took passengers, I made up my mind to take the journey. My traps were soon gathered together, my passage booked, and next morning we started on our leisurely tour of the Spanish coast. For some time things went well enough. I spent the day reading such books as I had, and the evening playing cards with the skipper. We stopped at one port after another, loading and unloading with truly Spanish deliberation. Presently, leaving the shores of Spain, we crossed to Africa, and one morning, very early, when I got up I found that we had cast anchor in the harbour of an island off the coast of Tunis. The sun shone with dazzling brilliancy upon the white houses of a little town, and here and there tall palm-trees rose into the air. We were to stay but a few hours, for the place was not on the steamer's route; and the captain called there only by chance, to execute some commission. I had determined not to go on shore, but I know not what there was in the smiling, sunny town that exerted on me an odd fascination; the more I looked at it the greater was my desire not only to visit it, but to stay there. In all probability the immortal gods would never again bring me to that island, and I dared not risk the regrets which must be mine if I missed the present opportunity. I discussed the matter with the captain, who assured me I should only be disappointed: the town had nothing to attract travellers, and the only Europeans were the French Consul with his wife, a sergeant, and a dozen soldiers. I looked across the harbour once more, and the white houses seemed to whisper a welcome to me; I felt on a sudden that I was transported to the *Arabian Nights*, and this was a magic isle from which wonderful things might be expected. Hitherto my journey had been very barren of the romance I sought, for nothing could be more matter-of-fact than the cargo-boat in which for three weeks I had lived; but here surely was the real thing: here lived enchanted damsels singing sadly to their lutes, and the very beggars were kings fallen from their high estate. I shut my ears to the skipper's admonitions, packed my things hastily, and summoned a boat from the shore. My friends on board, thinking me mad, shook my hand, with solemn warnings that I should regret my folly, and in a quarter of an hour I found myself landed, with all my belongings, on the beach.

I was at once surrounded by a score of swarthy Arabs, who apparently discussed me and my concerns with considerable interest, and one, who spoke broken French, asked if I wished to see the Consul.

"No," I said; "I want to go to the hotel."

I confess I was a little dismayed when he answered that there was no such thing in the place, but now I would not for worlds have returned, crestfallen, to the steamer; and I asked if I could nowhere get lodgings. The Arab, with much gesticulation, talked the matter over with his friends, and presently suggested the house of a certain lady whose name I have forgotten. He shouldered my bag, and I followed him down one winding, narrow street after another till we arrived at a little white house at which he stopped. He knocked repeatedly, and at last a woman opened. When he explained what I wanted, she looked at me curiously, but in due course agreed to let me have a room. I bargained for the price and entered.

Having made myself as comfortable as possible—which was not much—I sauntered down to the shore and watched my good cargo-boat set out to sea. I was alone on a foreign island, where I knew no soul, and the weekly packet that ran between the little town and the mainland was not due for five days. Presently, while I watched the sea, smoking a cigarette, I saw my friend of the morning in conversation with a Frenchman, who, I surmised at once, was the sergeant of whom I had heard. They came up to me, and the sergeant, saluting politely, began to talk. Somewhat to my amusement, I found that he regarded me with

considerable suspicion, and he asked me question after question. I did not gather the general drift of his inquiries, but answered everything readily enough.

"But frankly," he asked for the tenth time, "why have you come here at all?"

"A mere whim, *cher Monsieur*," I answered. "Curiosity, nothing else."

He evidently found my explanations unsatisfactory, and I cannot say that I took much trouble to make my motives clear. He informed me at last that he would report my presence to Monsieur le Consul.

"By all means," said I. "And pray add that I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on him tomorrow if my throat is not cut to-night in the unsavoury den which appears to be your only substitute for a hotel."

He left me, and I spent the rest of the day in wandering about the Arab streets, looking at the people, and feeling, indeed, something of that thrill I had expected.



"It's no laughing matter, Monsieur."

At night my hostess provided me with food, of which it could only be said that it performed the first office of edible substances—it allayed the pangs of hunger. But beside it the dinners on the cargo-boat, and they had seemed bad enough in all conscience, were toothsome and sumptuous. I was very tired, and going to my little dark room, surveyed, not without misgiving, the bed on which I was to spend five nights. I was just beginning to undress when I heard a great knocking at the street door. In a moment my room was burst violently into, and before I had realised what on earth was happening, I found myself seized by two soldiers, while the sergeant, so friendly and polite in the day, looked upon me with triumph. I was really so taken aback that for a moment I had nothing to say; then with some irritation I asked him what in Heaven's name he was up to.

"Monsieur le Consul has ordered me to arrest you. You will be lodged in the gaol to-night, and to-morrow morning he will examine you himself."

"But it's absurd," I answered, and I could not help laughing at my ridiculous situation.

"It's no laughing matter, Monsieur," he said sternly.

"You need not be disagreeable about it," I remarked. "Tell these men to let go of me and I will accompany you wherever you like. I am quite willing to spend the night in your prison if it amuses you, and I feel sure the bed with which you intend to provide me will be no more objectionable than this."

The sergeant hesitated for an instant, and then seemed to make up his mind that I did not look a very dangerous ruffian.

"Very well," he said. "Take your hands off Monsieur. Follow me."

There was no one about to see the edifying spectacle which I presented as I marched through the streets, thus escorted, to the local gaol. They put me in quite an agreeable little cell, locked the door ponderously, and so left me to my own reflections. I admit that the night seemed endless. It was very dark, and I felt that horrible things were crawling over me. There was a fetid, oppressive smell. I sought in vain for the diverting side of the incident, but I was too uncomfortable, and I freely cursed my craving for the romantic, which had driven me to this inhospitable place. I cared no longer for the lovely damsels whom my fancy had presented plaiting their long black tresses or darkening their eyes with kohl; and if there were any in the neighbourhood I only wished they would free me from the cruel beasts that were biting, biting. But in the morning a soldier brought me some excellent coffee, and I induced him to get me also the wherewithal to wash and a barber to shave me. These things performed, feeling fresher and more contented, I looked forward to my interview with the Consul with curiosity and interest. I was told this official would see me at half-past ten, and then I should discover for what monstrous crime I was thus evilly entreated.

In due course the sergeant came with two soldiers and told me I must now go to the Consulate. Between them, doing my best to look accustomed to the process, I stalked through the winding alleys till we came to a long, low, handsome building with a verandah, neat iron railings, and a charming garden. At the gate stood a sentry, and above waved the tricolour; upon my word, except for the Arab gardener busily at work, I might have been suddenly transported to France. I was taken into a large, cool room, barely furnished, but with masses of flowers everywhere. They suggested a woman's taste and forethought. At a desk, littered with papers, sat a little man with grey hair, cut very short, and a large grey moustache, excessively fierce and bristling; he was dressed in white, dapperly, and his figure was trim and neat. I found afterwards that his eyes were very alert, and he gesticulated in conversation with much vivacity. He was writing as I entered, and did not look up when the sergeant duly announced me. He passed his hands impatiently through the many papers, looking for the sergeant's official account of my arrival and arrest.

"Approchez," he said, then glanced at me quickly. But the glance lengthened into a stare, his face fell; and then, recovering himself, his eyes began to twinkle.

"But Monsieur isn't a spy, sergeant," he cried.

"Is that it?" I said, and began to chuckle.

I don't know why my amusement should have had such an effect on the Consul, but immediately he burst into a roar of laughter; he threw himself back in his chair and held his sides. But though he evidently found it a huge joke, the sergeant's face grew longer and longer.

"Monsieur's conduct has been most suspicious," he said. "He walked round the town yesterday and was seen to make notes of all he saw."

The sergeant produced my note-book and gravely handed it to the Consul.

"Will you allow me to look at it?" asked he politely.

"By all means," I answered, somewhat surprised that he understood English.

And while he turned over the pages the sergeant repeated every one of my movements on the preceding day. It was unheard of that an Englishman should arrive in a Spanish ship and come on the island to stay. What could be my motives except to discover whether it was fortified and if men-o'-war could enter the harbour with safety. Without the shadow of a doubt I was a spy of the most dangerous class, and Monsieur le Consul would regret that he had not listened to the sergeant when the British fleet bombarded the town.

"But, sergeant," answered the Consul, "it will not assist the English Admiral in the least to learn from this gentleman's notes that the women here have magnificent eyes and that the Jews are as picturesque as they are dirty."

"Monsieur has, no doubt, written his observations in cypher," said the sergeant.

The Consul turned to me.

"Would you be so obliging as to tell me your name?"

(Continued overleaf.)

MASSENET'S NEW OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: THE "JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME."

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



Jean le Jongleur (M. Lafitte).

The Prior (M. Seveilhac).

Boniface (M. Gilibert).

THE FINAL SCENE: THE DEATH OF JEAN THE MOUNTEBANK.

MasseNET's beautiful opera, founded upon a charming "miracle in three acts" by M. Maurice Léna, produced a very great effect at Covent Garden last week, and our picture presents the stage at the moment when the offering of Jean the Juggler has been accepted. Music and story are discussed at length elsewhere in the paper, and we give on this page pictures of the chief performers, M. Lafitte (Jean), M. Seveilhac (the Prior), and M. Gilibert (Boniface). The final scene is a very daring one, for the figure of the Virgin Mary comes to life, the hands are extended in benediction over the dying man, and a halo appears above his head, but the spirit in which the work has been done disarms hostile criticism.

I said it, and he repeated it thoughtfully. "I wonder where I've heard that? Ah!" He gave a cry and seized a number of the *Journal des Debats* which lay on the table. "Is this you?" He passed over the paper, and, to my great joy, I saw an article on a little book of mine.

I acknowledged that I was the blushing author of that work, and, with a bound, the Consul sprang up, dashed round the table, and, seizing both my hands, wrung them violently.

"But I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. My wife is devoted to English novels—she's Swiss, you know, she comes from Geneva—the best place in the world to find a wife, a hive of young ladies, my dear fellow—and she loves your English novels because they're so pure. She will be charmed to see you and you shall talk English to her. My wife is a linguist, Monsieur, a wonderful linguist. And there is the luncheon bell. Excellent! Come to luncheon."

I was perfectly overwhelmed by this stream of verbosity hurled at me in one breath, and before I could answer the Consul had turned to the sergeant who stood helplessly by.

"You are an idiot. You, with your mania for finding spies all over the place. Monsieur is not a spy any more than you are. He is a man of letters, and my wife has read a book that he has written. You are an imbecile, sergeant. Come, Monsieur, or the eggs will be cold."

He seized my arm and dragged me away, leaving the sergeant and his myrmidons astounded and perplexed. The Consul led me to a charming dining-room where stood a tall, rather stout lady of forty-five. Her hair, of a pleasant brown, was very simply arranged; her features were placid and handsome; her soft grey eyes suggested infinite good nature. She was by no means beautiful, but gave one the impression that advancing years had only added to her attractiveness, and there was about her a staid gracefulness which was very comforting and restful.

"Allow me to present you to my wife, Madame de Pornichet," said the Consul with a flourish.

In one breath, voluble as ever, he related the whole story of my misadventure, told her who I was, and added that he had asked me to stay at the Consulate for the rest of my visit to the island. This was the first I had heard of such an invitation, but when it was seconded by the amiable, stately lady, I made no difficulty in gratefully accepting. It was as delightful as it was unexpected to eat in that distant spot an admirable French luncheon; and everything was so fresh, so clean, so dainty, that I felt amply rewarded for my trivial sufferings. My hostess was not talkative, nor was this strange, since her husband monopolised the conversation; but now and then she put in a little kindly word, whereupon he stopped suddenly and looked at her as though some precious feast of wit had fallen from her lips. And while he rolled out anecdote after anecdote, fact upon fact (all of which I discovered later was highly unreliable), with regard to the island he governed, her eyes rested upon him with a tender smile of almost maternal affection.

Coffee and liqueurs were brought in, and we lit our cigars.

"I'm sure it's very good of you to be so hospitable," I said. "I was looking forward to abominable discomfort on this island."

"Good!" cried the Consul. "You don't know how pleased I am to have a civilised man to entertain my wife. I always fear that she will be bored to death, for there is no one here to amuse her but myself."

"And I'm sure you do it very well," I answered.

Madame de Pornichet gave me a radiant smile of gratitude.

"Ah, you are right," she said. "No one could be bored in Lucien's company."

"Come, come, my dear," said the Consul, deprecatingly but delighted.

She stretched out her hand, and most gallantly he kissed it.

"*Mon petit chou*," she said, and tears of happy love actually glistened in her eyes. She turned to me. "You see, love sometimes comes before marriage, and sometimes after. But when it comes after it lasts till death."

"*Sophie, ma chère enfant*," said the Consul, and it was rather amusing that he should so address her, for she was a great deal bigger and more imposing than he. "I must tell Monsieur how I had the good fortune to make your acquaintance."

"It is insupportable," she answered, to me, smiling. "He tells this story to everyone he meets."

It was evident, however, that Madame de Pornichet was not unwilling I also should hear it, and the Consul settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"Well, you must know that the best years of my life were spent with our Colonial Army in Algeria, in Senegal, in Tonquin; and I was successively Lieutenant, Captain, and Major. But, my dear friend, I succumbed at last to a pestiferous climate, and at the age of forty-five my health forced me to leave the service. That was twelve years ago, and I am still an active man, not unfit for work nor unused to it. I applied for a colonial appointment, I had some influence, and in due course

the Minister sent for me to offer the governorship of this island. The post was one that exactly suited me, the salary was adequate, and it was not so far from civilisation that I should feel myself cut off from all my friends. I accepted there and then, and told the Minister I was ready to start whenever he chose.

"Very well," he said. "You will take up your duties in six weeks from now. That will allow your wife time to make all needful preparations."

"But I have no wife," I said. "I am a bachelor."

"What?" cried the Minister. "But that is very unfortunate, for I make a point of never sending an unmarried man to such a place. For a hundred reasons it is essential that you should be married."

"I regret enormously," I answered.

"I am afraid I cannot break an important and salutary rule. You must marry at once."

"I?"

"You can imagine my consternation, for nothing of the sort had ever entered my head, and I ventured mildly to expostulate. But the Minister would not listen to a word."

"*Voyons*," he said, "you have six weeks. In that time you can easily find a wife."

"He dismissed me and I walked away sorely troubled. On the one hand I was delighted with my good fortune in getting precisely the post of all others which I should have chosen: on the other I was dismayed at the thought of marriage. An old bachelor of my age would have great difficulty in changing his habits to those of a matrimonial life. Fortunately, I met an old friend of mine, a professor at the Sorbonne, a native of Geneva, and I told him at once of my great perplexity.

"But don't hesitate, my friend," he said. "Of course you must marry. *Du reste*, at your age it is fit that a man should settle down and live a respectable life."



She stretched out her hand, and most gallantly he kissed it.

"But, *mon Dieu*, where am I to find a wife in six weeks? You cannot expect me to advertise in the *Figaro*."

"Why not? It is as good a way as another."

"The result of this conversation was that within twenty-four hours an advertisement appeared in that widely circulated paper, stating my age and position, income, and giving as flattering an account as I honestly could, of my personal attractions. Then began my troubles. I went to the office of the *Figaro* next day to call for any replies that might have come, and the clerk brought me a sack—a large sack, Sir.

"Here are the answers to your advertisement, Monsieur," he said, with a malicious grin.

"I staggered, and gave a cry of horror. However, in a moment I regained my self-possession, seized the sack, and, laden like a coal-heaver, hailed a cab. I drove to my hotel, and once in my room emptied it out on the floor. Monsieur, seven hundred and forty-eight ladies desired to marry me. I spent two days reading the letters, in which they described their charms, and examining the photographs, which, according to my request, they had sent me. They were of all years, from sixteen to those who described themselves as of a certain age; they were fat, they were thin, they were dark or blonde, they were of every station, from sempstresses to the widows of noblemen. They were single, or divorced, or widows; and some were betwixt and between. But all offered a loving heart and a sincere devotion. At the end my brain reeled. My Swiss friend came to see me, and when he saw the piles of letters, the piles of photographs, he laughed as though he would never stop.

"But it is a serious matter," I said. "Time is flying and I have but five weeks and four days to marry a wife. You cannot expect me to interview seven hundred and forty-eight blushing ladies. I cannot raise hopes, only to crush them, in seven hundred and forty-seven palpitating hearts."

"What will you do then?"

"I will send back all their photographs, and write to the Minister that what he asks is impossible. I must lose my island."

"Now listen," answered the professor. "You know I was born in Geneva, and I have relations living there. It has suddenly occurred to me that my cousin Sophie Vienqué would exactly suit you. She is no longer quite young; nor are you, my friend; she is thirty, of pleasing appearance, and unmarried."

"But what makes you think she would marry me?"

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not see why she shouldn't. She has had time to grow bored with a single life, and I daresay will be pleased with the thought of an establishment of her own. You have much to offer. I can say without flattery that you are an agreeable man, robust still, and not lacking in intelligence. Anyhow, you can try."

"But, *mon cher*, how can I see her? On what pretext? I cannot call upon your cousin and take stock of her as though I were buying a horse."

"The professor meditated for two minutes.

"I have it. You will go to Geneva and offer her a box of chocolates from me. That will be an introduction. You can talk to her, and if she does not please you, all you have to do is to go your way. She will think you have merely come to make a trifling present on my behalf, and no harm will be done. On the other hand, if you like her it is easy for you to prosecute the acquaintance."

"I was delighted with the idea. We went out at once, bought the chocolates, and I took the next train to Geneva. I assure you a lover of eighteen could not have been more excited than I was. I arrived early in the morning, and, having attended to my appearance at the hotel, went about ten o'clock, the box of chocolates in my hand, to the address my friend had given. I was so fortunate as to learn that Mademoiselle Vienqué was at home, and, being shown into the drawing-room, found myself in the presence of a very fine young woman. *Tenez*—I need not describe her, for there she sits before you; and, though twelve years have passed since then, she has altered only to become more ravishing each day."

"*Voyons*, Lucien," expostulated Madame de Pornichet. "Monsieur will think you perfectly ridiculous."

"Well, I executed my commission, received her thanks, and told her the professor was in the best of health. We began to chat, and the conversation went so easily that I was astounded when the clock struck eleven. I said to myself at once that if this charming lady was able to talk for an hour to a perfect stranger so that it seemed to him no more than five minutes, on closer acquaintance she could not fail to be entertaining during a lifetime. Everything about her pleased me. She was evidently fitted for the duties of a Consul's wife: her attractive person, her amiable conversation—"

"How often have I told you, Lucien," interrupted his wife, "that you talked so incessantly on that occasion that I was not able to make one observation?"

He smiled and patted her hand.

"I rose to my feet," he continued, "and addressed her as follows: 'Mademoiselle, it will have occurred to you

merely to present you with a box of chocolates.'

"Evidently," said she.

"I came, in point of fact, to make you an offer of marriage."

"Before she recovered from her astonishment I explained the circumstances, told her my position, and so far as possible sketched my character and my idiosyncrasies. Finally, I proposed that we should be married in a week from that day."

"But, Monsieur, I don't know you," she said.

"You will have abundant opportunities of making my acquaintance when we are settled on our island. There will be nothing else to do."

"I saw that she did not dislike the idea, and I ventured a little to insist."

"Well, I will consult my father," she said at last.

"But, Mademoiselle, though Monsieur your father is without doubt an excellent man, it is not he whom I wish to marry, but you. Do I displease you?"

"No," she admitted, "not precisely."

"Then why should you refuse me?"

"Give me till to-morrow to think it over."

"I regret infinitely, dear lady, but as I tell you, my time is excessively limited. I beseech you to give me an answer now."

"This minute?"

"This very minute."

"She smiled and reached out her hand. 'Very well, Monsieur, since you insist—I accept.'"

The Consul drank a glass of wine.

"Monsieur, fourteen days after my visit to the Minister, I was a married man, and I discovered that I had never known happiness before. My wife is a treasure, a jewel, and I think she loves me."

"*Mon petit chou*," said Madame de Pornichet tenderly.

"And if you are a bachelor, Monsieur, go to Geneva. I assure you it is a bee-hive, a veritable bee-hive of young ladies."

The Consul thus ended his story; and I, who had come to this curious island searching for romance, felt that I had found it, and, of all places, in a marriage of convenience.

THE END.

"THE FIVE O'CLOCK": AFTERNOON TEA IN PARIS.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 23, 1901. 23

FRENCH SOCIETY FOLLOWS AN ENGLISH CUSTOM: "THÉ À LA MODE."

In addition to "le sport," "le snobisme," "le bouledogue," and other adaptations of English institutions, France has now yielded to the spell of five o'clock tea. "The five o'clock," as it is called, is now established in smart Parisian society, and at the fashionable resorts this descendant of the "kettledrums" of Queen Anne's time is now indispensable.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

WHO is Mrs. Grundy? We have heard her called "The Eternal Proprietress," which is not so bad. Mr. Vincent Brown, who must be passing through that phase of revolt that comes as one of the growing-pains of clever people, prefers to answer the question more minutely. "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix" (Hutchinson) may be described as the history of a test case, written by a partial historian. "Is her name Gilpin?" says Walter Ingram to his plutocratic father, Lord Shernfold. "I have heard her called by another. She is the high-priestess of the Philistines. She solemnly assures us that her religion bears the imprimatur of the Most High. Nobody believes her, but we agree that it is a paying business to bolster her up in the pretence. . . . You can read from the street the pretty Scripture-texts on her walls; There are dark rooms behind. Her mask is taken off there, and the darkness is not enough to conceal her true self; and one can see there, too, the writhing victims whose wings she has broken as they attempted to rise above her, and the blood of the saints she has crucified." Which sounds very like a thump on Miss Marie Corelli's big drum; and if the suggestion shocks Mr. Brown, so much the better for the novelist in him, who can do better work than this harangue. His novel is excellent in characterisation, in movement, in its side touches—as where Ingram visits the charming old ex-actress, Miss Colson—but its motive is really rather nonsensical. All the "fush" is about a lady who was "true womanly," but had an unexplained son at boarding school, and so was in disfavour with Lord Shernfold and his neighbours as a prospective bride for his nephew. The author presents them as grossly malicious and cruel to the poor lady; but he might have admitted they had their provocation.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has been very successful hitherto in working out his plays in novel form—witness his dexterity in "If I were King" and "The Proud Prince"—and we do not suppose we shall be very far wrong when we assume that "The Flower of France" (Hurst and Blackett) will blossom behind the footlights at an early date. In it there is the action and colour of fine drama; and what actor could wish for a more promising part than Lahire, or for a better setting to his art than the troubled Court of Charles VII.? The book begins in Domremy, and, after a prelude of swains and maidens, ushers in Joan of Arc, touching her with all the reverence and adoration that we expect her champions of the present age to render her. Mr. McCarthy treads in the footsteps of Mark Twain and Andrew Lang, and rises, with them, to an ecstasy of pity and devotion—surpasses them, perhaps (though this is a brave word), in his expression of her sacred story. Certainly he has never done anything better than this picture of the Maid, which shines as if the glory of a saint long since departed had illuminated the heart of her modern chronicler. Will a future generation, advancing still further, refuse her memory to the uses of fiction, however sympathetic and reverent? It may be so: in the meantime it must be conceded that if it be legitimate to make Joan of Arc the central figure of a novel, Mr. McCarthy, who has eminent examples before him, has surrounded her with no unworthy environment.

Wise is the novelist who, having won the approval of a section of the public, knows better than to go a-straying after the loftier, unknown gods. Mr. Bertram Mitford once found out—by the way, it was quite a long time ago, as the lives of novels are reckoned—that a smart blend of Kaffirs, veld, heroic youths, and fair maidens could be sure of its reception among certain readers; and if the reviewer of "Harley Greenoak's Charge" (Chatto and Windus) closes it with the suspicion that these readers are an artless folk, by no means exigent in their demands, that is neither here nor there. There is a paragraph on the loose cover which really says nearly all there is to say about the contents. It guarantees that there will be found within a high-spirited, adventurous young Englishman, a resourceful hunter, scenes of fierce fighting, and "even one episode of weird mystery," with a heroine who "is fully up to the sample of Mr. Bertram Mitford's many creations in that line." Happy readers of Mr. Mitford, who can rely upon the production of a heroine up to sample! Somewhere in their author's brain, one conjectures, a mechanical process manufactures the approved brand of heroine, merely varying the colour of hair or eyes to order. Hazel, who married the adventurous Englishman—who else *would* she be likely to marry?—was a sweet and sunny girl with lustrous eyes; the appropriate mate for a "light-haired, healthy, wholesome, athletic" hero. We cannot imagine anybody who hungers after literary substance or inspiration getting through this book; but we are quite sure the young and simple will enjoy it immensely.

So long as the Socialist tries "épater le bourgeois" instead of endeavouring to convince, he will not make any converts. Mr. Belfort Bax's "Essays on Socialism: New and Old" (Richards) contain an intolerable amount of the sort of stuff which uneducated shop-boys would consider smart and witty, but as sociological studies, are very dull. It is neither funny to travesty the beliefs of Christianity nor courageous to suggest that other Socialists ought to go out and drill and arm natives against white men. And to call Charles Kingsley "a venerable humbug," and speak insultingly about Admiral Tryon, proves nothing except that the writer has abundance of conceit and bad taste. Mr. Bax repeats himself constantly in these reprinted pieces, and things that were not worth saying once do not improve by repetition. When he lashes "the comparative absence in women of the foundation of all morality, the sense for abstract justice, of a regard for truth, and of the capacity for forming an objective and disinterested judgment," one wonders why these things should make

him so bitterly opposed to the "Women's Rights" movement. But every day we find old proverbs falsified, and Mr. Bax, if he proves nothing else, shows the falsity of the saw that "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Most of the essays are addressed to the elect, and thus the book is quite useless to those who wish to study the economics of Socialism. For Mr. Bax is simply shrieking against the people and institutions that he dislikes, and insists on seeing religion and patriotism in terms of capitalism. His "Natural History of the Nonconformist Conscience" represents a lost opportunity; if he had studied facts more closely he could have made his indictment far more telling. A Socialist State would certainly not allow Mr. Bax to write unfairly of his fellow-citizens, and obviously if his ideal were realised his occupation would be gone. Why do so many Socialist advocates strike the personal individual note so blatantly?

The impression left upon the mind by perusal of Signor Luigi Villari's "Fire and Sword in the Caucasus" (Fisher Unwin) is one of hopeless chaos. The meeting-ground of some fifty or sixty different peoples from East and West, many of them antagonistic to the others, and all to the race which misrules them, there would seem to be slender prospects of peace, much less of orderly government, in this unhappy country where assassination and theft, even in large towns, are so common that they attract no attention. Chief among the rival races, of course, are the Armenians and Tartars, bitterly opposed to one another on various grounds. The author found great difficulty in his endeavour to arrive at the predisposing cause of the troubles which culminated in the fighting at Baku and Tiflis last year; but on one point Christian and Moslem were agreed—namely, that the Russian authorities did all in their power to foment bad feeling, and refrained of set purpose from any attempt to stop the orgie of pillage and incendiarism. That the Russians could have kept the peace had they been so minded seems proven by the success with which Prince Louis Napoleon, as Governor-General of Erivan, held Christian and Moslem apart when the spirit of revolution, encouraged by the immunity enjoyed by the Tartars at Baku, spread to that city as to the other parts of Caucasia. The author traces much of the recent unrest in Armenia to the unwarrantable action of the Russians in sequestrating the revenues of the Gregorian Church. That Church has been "the focus of the Armenian national spirit": a fact which, perhaps, explains the endeavour to undermine its power. Whatever the true motive, this proceeding failed to accomplish anything but rouse the worst feeling, and the decree of confiscation was withdrawn after the death of M. de Plehve. Signor Villari draws a very pleasing picture of the country itself, which under good government, he opines, would become one of the richest in the world, so great are its possibilities. The idea of rendering Caucasia, with its mixed population, independent, is impossible; the only hope of the country lies in Russia's ability to maintain neutrality between Christian and Moslem in the towns and to suppress brigandage in the rural districts. The photographs with which the book is illustrated are of varying merit.

The number of more or less popular historical works which is now so marked a feature of every publishing season would seem to justify the inference that the supremacy of fiction is now being hotly challenged by the alluring charms of fact. But, to be quite honest, we must admit that the books of the latter kind which have gained the greatest measure of popularity have in nearly every instance owed it to the piquancy attaching to the *chronique scandaleuse*. We are glad to say that Christopher Hare's "A Queen of Queens: The Making of Spain" (Harper) derives none of its interest from that tainted source. The name of Christopher Hare has always been associated with careful and conscientious literary work. We recall a delightful and unduly forgotten volume of English idylls, "Down the Village Street," and since then the author has won even greater distinction by her studies of Italian history and literature. Her latest volume breaks new ground, and ought to bring to her an accession of reputation. For it is a skilful portrait of a great historical character, and in the carefully painted background it is easy to discern the results of wide reading and considerable research. Of Isabella of Castille, the subject of this interesting memoir, Bacon (Christopher Hare calls him "Lord Bacon," a vulgar error which no amount of usage can justify) declared that "in all her revelations of Queen or Woman she was an honour to her sex, and a Corner stone of the Greatness of Spain." In the brevity of his wit and wisdom Bacon was never excelled, and Christopher Hare's excellent volume is but an expansion of his text. Isabella is one of the great women of history. She was to Spain as Elizabeth to England, though there are few parallels to be drawn between their lives. Perhaps the only things the two great Queens had in common was their passionate pride of country and their successful identification with the greatest period of their country's history. In the "making" of Spain, Isabella counts first. Ferdinand had his victories of war and unscrupulous diplomacy, but in literature and art and science Queen Isabella ruled alone. It was she who was the patroness of Columbus, and even in matters of State she maintained the dignity of her birthright. "Fernando and Isabel," said Voltaire, "lived together, not like man and wife whose estates are common under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs closely allied." The blot on the reign of the "Queen of Queens" was the establishment of the Inquisition. Christopher Hare makes a gallant defence, but it is a forlorn hope. On this point it is enough to remember that the brilliant Queen had her own full measure of domestic tribulation, that her daughter was Catherine of Aragon, and that her granddaughter was "Bloody Mary." The sins of Isabella were visited upon the third generation; her greatness is still the glory of Spain.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS.

ONLY the other day Sir Arthur Nicolson presented to the Tsar his credentials as his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador. The Tsaritsa was present at the audience, and at its conclusion the Tsar received Sir Arthur Nicolson privately and had a long conversation with him. Mr. Spring Rice, who has been in charge of British interests in Russia for six months or more, was present at the official audience, and will proceed to Teheran in September as representative of this country in Persia. Those who realise how closely the future of Anglo-Russian relations is bound up with questions that concern spheres of influence in Persia will see in the appointment of Mr. Spring Rice a further proof of the sagacity that has distinguished the larger work of our Foreign Office of late years. Since the twentieth century dawned British diplomatic progress has been remarkable, and we are the more justified of our gratification by reason of the fact that every success has made the path of peace more easy for the nations to follow. It is worthy of note that about the time when Sir Arthur Nicolson was received at Peterhof, Manchuria was being opened to the world's trade, and the onus of achieving and maintaining a commercial standing is left with merchants rather than diplomats. All the Powers may meet now on even terms in the vast primitive regions that tempted Russia to her undoing. While the full development of Anglo-Russian relations must needs await the settlement of some at least of the problems that the Duma has met to solve, there is no doubt but that there is ample opportunity for diplomatic spadework and that Sir Arthur Nicolson is the right man in St. Petersburg. He is not only a model of tact and courtesy, he has a wide experience that embraces Persia and its problems, as well as the affairs of Western Europe and the Mediterranean. He can build up and prepare the way for an Anglo-Russian *entente* against the days to come when the people of both countries are fully alive to the benefits it will confer upon them. There is no reason to expect from an Anglo-Russian understanding any alteration in the existing state of Persia. Every Continent has its sick man: in Europe his name is Abdul Hamid II., in Africa he is called Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, in Asia men call him Muzaffar-ed-din. It has been necessary to deal firmly with the first two in order that the ill effects of their government may be localised; the last-named must be treated in similar fashion. When Great Britain and Russia have decided how best to accomplish the task, the chances of peace and the permanent maintenance of existing political conditions will be so good that there will be but one sick man of note left on the planet.

It may well be that an Anglo-Russian understanding will have less outward effect in Asia than in Europe. The changes that have tended to bring Russia and Great Britain together have served to embitter Great Britain's once cordial relations with Turkey. Perhaps the Councils of the Wilhelmstrasse have been regarded with too close an attention at Yildiz Kiosk, perhaps Germany's political influence in Turkey is the outcome of the great work that Von der Goltz has done in reorganising the Sultan's army. Be that as it may, the late Lord Salisbury's frank acknowledgment that this country put its money on the wrong horse when it spent blood and treasure to keep the Russian war-ships out of the Mediterranean, was received with deep resentment in Constantinople, and Anglo-Turkish relations have been associated of late years with diplomatic notes of the kind that tends to increase friction. Whenever Turkey has been in any doubt about the cause of an uprising against the control to which she gives the courtesy title of government, there has been no lack of people ready and anxious to assert that Great Britain is working in secret for Turkey's undoing. The progress of Turkish railway developments in Syria, and the consequent menace to Egypt, are not overlooked in Downing Street, and if Russia wishes to take a new fleet through the Dardanelles it is not from London that any opposition is likely to come. Indeed, it may be said that Great Britain's Imperial centre of gravity is shifting, and that in years to come, when the Cape to Cairo Railway has developed its possibilities, and South Africa has become settled and prosperous, the Mediterranean will lose a part of its present political significance as far as British interests are concerned. For the next few years, however, Turkish progress in Syria will give our statesmen much food for thought, if not for action, and an Anglo-Russian *entente* will be valuable as a brake upon the wheels of a Pan-Islam movement that may threaten seriously the peace that all Great Powers seek to maintain. France, the ally of Russia, the friend of Great Britain, and the mistress of a Great North African Empire, is no less concerned with any political development that threatens to bring some twentieth-century Ibn Musa or Abd-el-Kader into the field. Great Britain, France, and Russia, working together, can hold the ambitions of the Porte in check and save the Sultan from being used as a stalking-horse by any potentate who finds in a tranquil and united Europe no opportunity for demanding honest brokerage. When Russia, France, and Great Britain are working to a common end, with the assured sympathy of Italy, and perhaps of Austria-Hungary as well, there should be more demand for reaping-hooks than for swords; and it is not impossible that the affairs of the Balkans may be put upon a footing that could not be maintained while St. Petersburg and London were in a state of scarcely-veiled antagonism.

Naturally enough, all these developments are a long way from us. Just now we see no more than the initial stages of a friendly arrangement with a Power that has been our determined enemy in the past. But it is not less interesting to speculate upon possibilities that are associated with the development of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, for our politics are subject to constant change. While the friend of one decade may be the enemy of the next, the position we are ready to fight for to-day may be worth nothing to the children of living statesmen.

THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF NORWEGIAN CORONATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL, WHERE KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD WERE CROWNED ON JUNE 22.

Trondhjem, the third commercial port in Norway, is the traditional scene of the Coronation of the Norwegian Kings. The Cathedral, where the ceremony of June 22 took place, was founded in 1093.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

WANT of space prevented me, in the last "Sign of St. Paul's," from discussing theories of the sensation, known to most of us, in a slight degree, that we are repeating, in minute detail, some old experience—I have been here before.

But when or how I cannot tell, says Rossetti.

Some veil did fall, I knew it all of yore.

These experiences are brief, and by no means so full as the minute recognition of places never previously beheld by us, or reminiscences of a past existence during the Roman occupation, as in Mr. Forbes Phillips's anecdotes (in "Ancestral Memory," the *Nineteenth Century* for June). The people of Burmah are said, by a recent writer, to remember their previous existences well, or to believe that they do, but the usual form of the phenomenon is merely the feeling that "all this has happened before." There is a popular explanation to the effect that one side of the brain takes notice of a state of things at an infinitesimal point of time earlier than the other side takes notice. The experience is thus actually doubled. The most exact account of the phenomenon is given by Scott in his *Journal*: for a whole evening he was haunted by the sense that incident after incident was a repetition of something in an unknown past. His cerebral health was already impaired, and he had written, earlier in the day, manuscript making sixty printed pages of a novel. We generally have the experience when fatigued, *distract*, or "dissociated," as psychologists phrase it.

Whatever part the brain may play in the transaction, if consciousness *half* takes in a thing, then fully takes it in, there is a double impression in the mind, and the second impact at once revives the former, and makes it seem a part of the misty past. Imagination, subconsciously exerted, does the rest.

Mr. Forbes Phillips would explain a view of a ghost in a house as a fragment of unconscious memory. A sees the ghost of a man in a cassock, say, because A's ancestor, B, saw in the same room a real man in a cassock. But if a dozen people, not of the same lineage, see the same man in a cassock, in the same room, at various times, what becomes of the explanation? I do not say that I believe in the ghost, but I certainly do not believe in this form of "ancestral memory."

There are fairly well-attested cases at first hand in which a person "sees," somehow, a scene in a room, or even a staircase in a hall, or, in one noted instance, a house in full Christmas revel, where there once was such a house, or such a scene, or such a staircase, unknown to the observer: there were two observers in the case of the house. Ancestral memory could not account for these mysterious glimpses into the past; in fact, they are at present insoluble puzzles.

One curious instance known to me can be explained, and was explained. The late Miss Catherine Winkworth was a very sensible woman of letters, well known some thirty years ago. She chanced to be in Brussels, and there paid a visit to a lady, in a house to her previously unknown. While waiting for her friend in the drawing-room, she found that she was perfectly familiar with it in most of its details: she knew them as if she had lived with them, but "when or how she did not know."

When her friend entered, Miss Winkworth told her about this odd and puzzling experience. "This is the house," said the other lady, "which Charlotte Brontë lived in when at Brussels. She describes it in 'Villette.'" Miss Winkworth was well acquainted with "Villette," and so discovered the source of her familiarity with the room: it arose from memory of the novel, not ancestral memory, and was a tribute to the vivid accuracy of Miss Brontë's picture of the place.

Less successful in finding an explanation was William Hone, the sceptical author of "The Book of Days" and many other once-popular works. He visited a house in London, and was left alone in a room where he had never been before, but with which he was perfectly familiar. "If I do remember it rightly," he said to himself, "there must be a hole in the window-shutter, from which a knot in the wood has dropped out." He examined the shutter, and found the hole which he remembered; whether he had seen it in a dream, as he supposed, or whether it was a mere case of a conscious repetition of a subconscious impression. The latter theory did not occur to Hone, and the experience modified his religious disbelief; apparently because he could not account for what he had felt. I know one trustworthy witness who not only declares that he sometimes feels that a conversation has occurred before, but knows what is going to be said next, by one of the company, and knows it correctly, verbally. Perhaps this is an instance of "telepathy," a flash from one man's mind to that of another: the theory is as tenable as that of ancestral memory. On the other hand, when a chance for a pun or *mot* occurs, the *mot* is often made by two or three people simultaneously; there is nothing mysterious in that.

There is an amusing paper on the blunders of the learned in the *Month* for June. One recent writer speaks of the martyred Campion as "the Jesuit poet and conspirator." This is not the result of a confusion, between Campion and Southwell, as the critic supposes, but is a blending of Campion the martyr, who was not a conspirator, with Campion the charming lyric poet, who was neither martyr, conspirator, nor Jesuit. The learned cannot distinguish; it seems, between a friar and a monk. One of them, in a newspaper, tells us that Joan of Arc was not burned; that is the error of one historian, copied by all the rest. But the fact is attested by abundance of evidence, given on oath by eye-witnesses and published in full by M. Quicherat. This is better evidence than that of the supposed "one historian."

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

V C (Cape Town).—If 1. Kt to Kt 5th, Kt to B 3rd, 2. R to B 4th (ch), K to Kt 3rd and no mate next move.

W MARKS and T R KNOX.—We hope to make use of your problems at an early date.

GIRINDRA CHANDRA MUKHERJI (India).—Your problem shall receive attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3241 received from Banarsi Das Moradabad, Laurent Changuion (St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony), and V C (Cape Town); of No. 3235 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktachacha, India), and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3236 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (India) and J J (Benares, India); of No. 3237 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3238 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and Emile Frau; of No. 3239 from E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Hereward, Emile Frau (Lyons), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Joseph Semik (Prague), and The Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu); of No. 3240 from C E Perugini, Stettin, George Trice (Deal), R Worters (Canterbury), Hereward, The Tid, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Robert Bee (Colsterworth), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), A G Bagot (Dublin), Seonic, G Bakker (Rotterdam), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Shadforth, P Daly (Brighton), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), T Roberts, S J England (South Woodford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Rev. P Lewis (Ramsgate), J A Appleton (Shrewsbury), C E Perugini, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), T Carnall (Birkenhead), E J Winter-Wood, W C D Smith (Northampton), the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), C S Thornhill, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

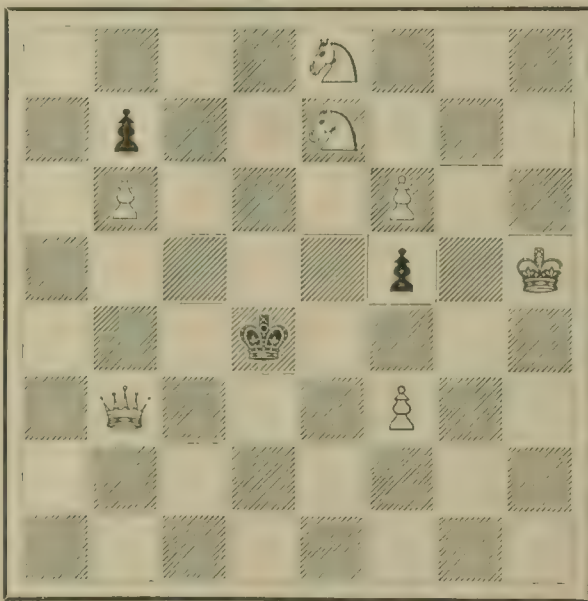
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3241 received from Hereward, F S Bancroft (Halifax), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), C E Perugini, J D Tucker (Ilkley), F Moore (Clifton), Albert Wolff (Putney), H B W Christian Quin, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Worters (Canterbury), Stettin, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Rev. P Lewis (Ramsgate), Shadforth, W Marks (Belfast), F Henderson (Leeds), S J England (South Woodford), W Allinson (Liverpool), T Roberts, and A G Bagot (Dublin).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3240.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 5th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3243.—By H. RODNEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played in the International Tournament at Ostend between Messrs. MAROCZY and BURN.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Kt to K 6th	K to B 2nd
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. Kt takes P	K R to Q sq
3. P takes Q P	P to K 5th		
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. P takes P	Kt takes P		
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
7. Q to K 2nd			
8. K to Q sq	B to B 7th (ch)	22. Kt to K 6th	R to Q 3rd
9. K Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P (ch)	23. B takes B	P takes B
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to K B 4th	24. Kt to Q 4th	P to B 4th
11. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	25. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
12. P to B 3rd	Q takes Kt (ch)		
13. Kt takes P	B to Kt 3rd		
14. B takes Q	B to K 3rd		
15. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd		
16. R to K sq	P to B 3rd		
17. B to B 3rd	P to K 4th		
18. B to K 3rd	B to K B 4th		
19. P to K Kt 4th	B to Q 6th		

A rare variation, with something like a trap for the second player. His fine-looking attack rapidly resolves itself into trouble for himself rather than his opponent.

Following up with a vigorous counter-attack the repulse of White's forces.

From what follows, Kt to Q 2nd would probably be better. At the same time, if, after the capture, the Bishop had retreated to King's 4th, we see no reason why it could not be defended.

A beautiful finish, forcing mate, whatever reply is made. The Bishop has played a great part in the game.

Another game from the same tournament played between Messrs. TEICHMANN and SWIDERSKI.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Kt to B 4th	P to B 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P to K 3rd	20. Kt to K 4th	Kt to B 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. P to K R 4th	K to Kt and
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	22. P to Kt 4th	P to B 5th
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	23. B takes B P	
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
7. R to B sq	P to Q Kt 3rd		
8. P takes P	P takes P		
9. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd		
10. P to B 4th	Kt to K sq		
11. B takes B	Q takes B		
12. P to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt		
13. B P takes Kt	R to Q sq	24. R takes P	P takes B
14. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 3rd	25. K to R 2nd	Kt to K sq
15. Castles	P to Kt 3rd	26. Kt to K 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		27. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	K to Kt sq
		28. R to B 4th	B to Q 4th
		29. P to K 6th	P to K R 3rd
		30. P to K 7th	P takes Kt
		31. R to B 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		32. R takes Kt	K to B 2nd
		33. R to K Kt 8th	B to B 3rd

White resigns.

Black's judicious exchanges have relieved him of both pressure and complications.

The sacrifice proves just as futile on the Queen's side, but there are some pitfalls the defence must avoid.

White's doubled King's Pawns are so weak that with careful play against him he can scarcely fail to lose.

White resigns.

White resigns.

White resigns.

White resigns.

White resigns.

White resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

COMPLEXITY VERSUS SIMPLICITY IN LIFE.

THE thought must have struck those who are in any way interested in vital problems that the complexity which marks the higher orders of living things is not without its other side in respect of certain disadvantages that accrue from the possession of machinery, so to speak, of highly intricate nature. It stands to reason, in the first place, that derangement of life's ways must be much more likely to occur where we come face to face with a complex body, built up of organs and parts, whose relations one to another are in turn of complicated kind. The derangement in question we term in plain language "disease." It is very obvious that a body which is itself of complicated nature must be more subject to the attack of serious disease than one of simpler construction. The lower organism is not necessarily free from disease attack, but, on the whole, the troubles which afflict it may be said to be of simpler character than those which afflict and injure its higher neighbour.

If we select almost any part of the human body, for example, we find that its trials in the way of disease are much more numerous, and exercise a much greater effect on the living frame than do the diseases of animals lower in the scale. But even in the case of our lower neighbours we have to reckon with many complex conditions in the way of disease, such as all the more closely resemble our own troubles according to the likeness and nearness of their organs and parts to ours. If we consider for a moment the general constitution of a body like our own, we find complexity reigning throughout the whole organism, from the skin to the brain. The skin itself is not a mere bodily covering, but discharges duties connected with the sense of touch, with the regulation of the bodily heat, and with the excretion or getting rid of so much of our bodily waste. Necessarily a skin structure which performs such duties, and which exhibits in consequence a complicated structure, might be expected to be more subject to the attack of disease than a skin layer whose functions were of simpler character.

It is immaterial which organ or part we may select for comparison; the general rule will be found to be represented throughout living nature. The case of the stomach, to say nothing of other parts of the digestive system, is equally telling with that of the skin. The highly developed organ into which our food is received is subject to a vast number of complaints and diseases of more or less definite character. We can hardly suppose that a sea-anemone, for example, would be troubled to the same extent as man with digestive ailments. A creature which is built on lines of primitive simplicity, and whose stomach is a mere bottomless pocket, cannot be credited with the pains of dyspepsia or the pangs of liver-complaint. Lower life, as we have admitted, has its own risks and dangers in the way of disease, but when we scrutinise its risks we find them to be of a character which, as regards their origin, places them more within the category, first, of ailments of simple kind, and, second, of damage done to them by the attack of enemies.

If we were given to doubt that the simpler body escapes many of the risks of disease, such as the more complicated body exhibits, we should find an additional proof of the freedom enjoyed by lower forms of life in a certain highly interesting feature represented in the history of more than one class. It is no uncommon thing, for example, to find an extensive power of reproduction of lost parts possessed by creatures of humble grade. As is well known, a crab will reproduce its lost claws with the utmost ease, and a star-fish, four of whose rays have been bitten off by some hungry cod, will refurbish itself in the matter of its personal belongings. There is a little creature found in fresh-water ponds, and called the Hydra. The body of this little animal is nothing more than a tube, attached by one extremity, and having a mouth and tentacles at the other. The Hydra can be artificially divided, each portion in due course growing to become a new and perfect Hydra. There would seem here to be a practically unlimited power of reproducing lost parts. Such a mode of reproduction could not possibly be represented in a creature of high degree. Freedom from disease, we therefore note, goes hand in hand with an extreme simplicity of body, whose advantages do not cease with absence of ailments, but extend to the repair of injuries under which the higher animal would undoubtedly collapse.

A cursory review of the facts just pointed out might almost lead us to the conclusion that lowness of life and structure was to be preferred to the higher grade of things, with its greater complexity of organs and parts. If the simpler organism is free from many of the risks of the higher, it would almost seem to be a foregone conclusion that the lower grade life was to be preferred to that moulded on a higher plane. We should be able to resist many an attack of disease, and therefore to withstand the onset of conditions which tend to weaken and debilitate the organism. But it is always unsafe to argue from one point only. If complexity of structure and organisation be necessary for the discharge of the duties of higher existence, then it becomes obvious that we must risk something, even in the way of liability to disease, in order that we may perfectly discharge the duties that lie to our hand in the sphere of life which is ours. We cannot have our cake and eat it, as the saying goes; therefore, it is that, electing to choose the lower grade of vitality for our own, we might, it is true, escape risks to which to-day we are liable in the way of disease. But electing, on the other hand, to take our place in the forefront of creation, we have to lay our account for the possession of an intricate structure, whose erratic working it is the glory of science to improve and correct.

ANDREW WILSON.

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PRECEDENTS FOR THE NORWEGIAN CORONATION AT TRONDHJEM: FORMER CEREMONIES REPEATED THIS WEEK.



THE CORONATION OF OSCAR II. (THE PRESENT KING OF SWEDEN) AT TRONDHJEM.

FROM THE PAINTING BY K. BERGSTIEN IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

King Oscar II. was crowned on July 17, 1873. His stormy reign over Norway ended last year during the peaceful revolution when Sweden and Norway separated. This week, at the Coronation of King Haakon VII., the old ceremonies were repeated in every detail. The Minister of War presents a sword to the Sovereign and the Minister of Commerce an apple, and holding these in his hands the King takes his seat on the throne. The same presentations are made to the Queen.



THE CORONATION OF THE POET-KING CHARLES XV. AT TRONDHJEM.

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. N. ARBO IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Charles XV., the brother of King Oscar II., the present King of Sweden, was born on May 3, 1826, came to the Throne in 1859, and died September 18, 1872. He was a poet, brave and impulsive, and was greatly beloved by his people.

THE CORONATION OF NORWAY'S NEW KING AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELFELT, BORGES, DOWNEY, WILSE, WARD, AND JERROLD.



1. THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF.

3. KING HAAKON AS A CHILD AT HIS MOTHER'S KNEE (ON THE LEFT).

7. KING HAAKON AND HIS MOTHER.

2. THE PALACE AT TRONDHJEM, THE LARGEST ROYAL WOODEN RESIDENCE IN THE WORLD.

4. THE OFFICIAL CORONATION MEDAL (OBSERVE).
5. THE OFFICIAL CORONATION MEDAL (REVERSE).

6. QUEEN MAUD OF DENMARK.

8. THE RESIDENCE OF THE ENGLISH MINISTER AT CHRISTIANIA.

The coronation of King Haakon VII. of Norway will take place at Trondhjem on the 22nd of the month, and we present a collection of pictures that have special interest in view of interest, because Norway is now added to the ever-growing number of the kingdoms of Europe whose rulers are related directly to King Edward VII.. The public in this country wide and heartfelt. With the coming coronation Norway may be said to enter upon a new career with the fullest possible measure of British sympathy and interest. Swedes and Norwegians

HIS ENGLISH QUEEN: HAAKON VII. AND HIS KINDRED.

BORDER BY A. HUGH FISHER (FROM SCANDINAVIAN DESIGNS).



9. KING HAAKON'S ENGLISH RESIDENCE.

11. KING HAAKON VII. OF NORWAY.

15. KING HAAKON'S ENGLISH RESIDENCE.

12. THE PRIVATE CORONATION MEDAL (OBSERVE).

13. THE PRIVATE CORONATION MEDAL (REVERSE).

10. KING HAAKON AS A NAVAL CADET.

14. KING HAAKON IN BABYHOOD.

16. THE PRESENT CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK AND KING HAAKON.

the approaching ceremony. The new ruler can be seen as he appeared at several stages of his career, and the little Crown Prince Olaf is also photographed. The occasion is one of special watched the rupture between Sweden and Norway with no little interest and anxiety, and the general feeling of relief when the peaceable termination of the struggle was announced was very will be better friends now that each country is free to seek its own good without reference to the will of another, and the old dangerous friction will be reduced to vanishing-point.



SOCIETY AND THE MOTOR-'BUS: GOING TO THE RACES, NEW STYLE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The motor-'bus is clearly destined to serve many purposes. It has not been long in the land, but we have heard already of runs across continents and inclusive 'bus fares from Calais to the Riviera, and now Society has discovered the motor-'bus, and is using it to attend race-meetings. The 'bus is obviously more roomy than the best private motor-car. It can accommodate servants and hampers and a little luggage, and can take a large party of friends to a race-

meeting almost as quickly as an ordinary motor-car, and without the breaking-up of a party that the use of several cars would entail. Our illustration expresses the pleasant possibilities of the new departure, and suggests that the stately drag and the private motor are not destined to remain undisputed lords of the road. Doubtless the motor-'bus companies will be prompt to supply private 'buses if there is likely to be a sufficient demand to justify the necessary outlay.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: SNAP-SHOTS AND NOTES.

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



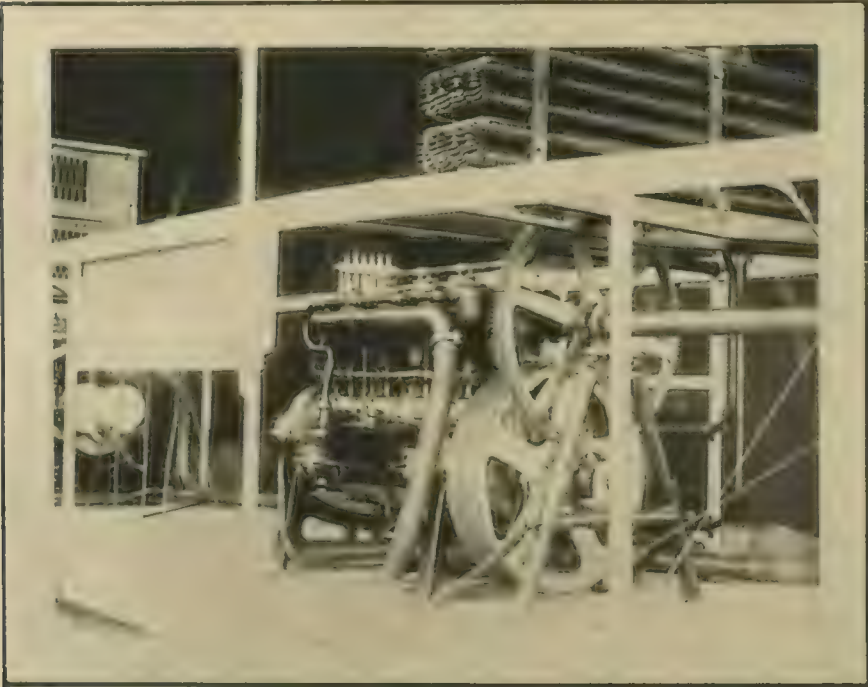
THE BANQUETING-HALL AT COWDRAY.



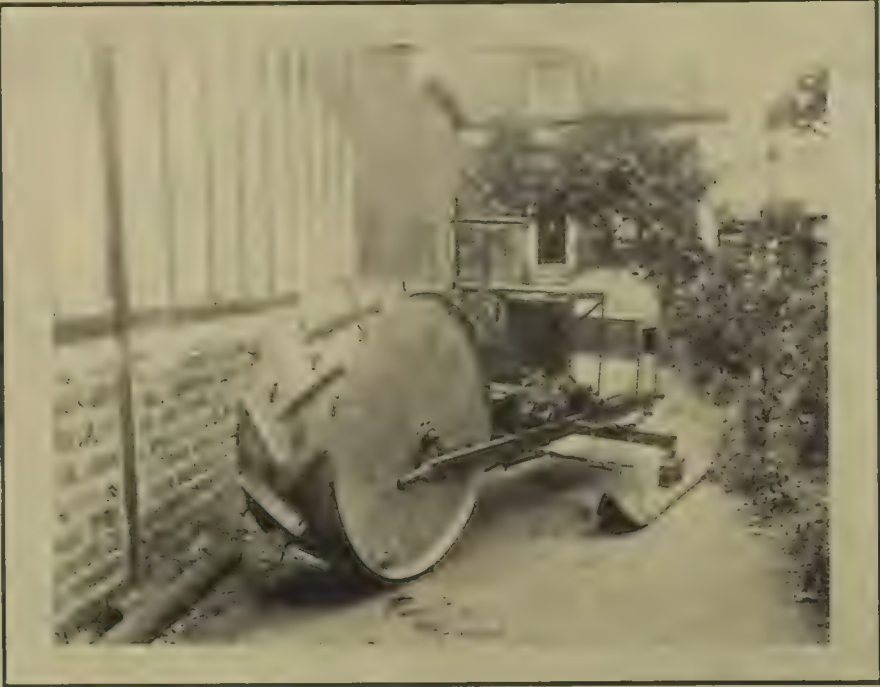
THE ENTRANCE TO THE BANQUETING-HALL.

THE REMAINS OF THE FINEST TUDOR RESIDENCE: COWDRAY, NEAR THE KING'S SANATORIUM AT MIDHURST.

Cowdray, the old home of the Viscounts Montague, was in its best days finer than Hatfield or Penshurst. It was burned down at the close of the eighteenth century, and in the fire William the Conqueror's sword was destroyed. One of the most famous of family curses is the curse of Cowdray, said to have been laid on the Montagues by a spectral monk when the Earl of Southampton's representatives expelled the nuns of Easebourne at the dissolution of the monasteries. The spectre said that the Cowdray family would perish by fire and water. The two last male representatives of the family were drowned.



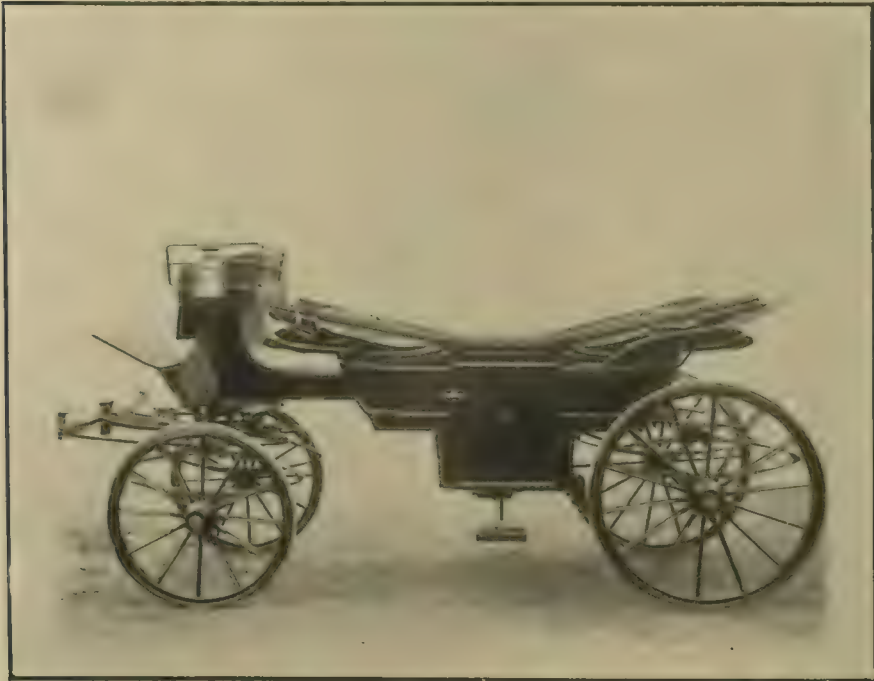
MR. WELLMAN'S 60 H.P. DE DION MOTOR FOR HIS NORTH POLE BALLOON.



ONE OF MR. WELLMAN'S MOTOR-SLEDGES FOR THE POLE.

TO THE POLE BY MOTOR-BALLOON AND MOTOR-SLEDGE: MR. WELLMAN'S EXTRAORDINARY APPARATUS.

Mr. Walter Wellman, the American explorer, as we have already noticed, is to try to reach the North Pole by motor-balloon and motor-sledge. He is now in Paris finishing the equipment of his expedition. The most important part of his motor machinery is here shown. He will replace the sledge-dog by a motor which drives a huge revolving drum fitted with spikes and knives to catch hold of the ice.



KING EDWARD'S CORONATION GIFT TO HIS DAUGHTER, QUEEN MAUD.

The carriage for the Queen of Norway is painted in royal colours—claret, picked out with lines of vermillion. On the doors and the back are the arms of Norway. The carriage is the work of Messrs. Hooper, of St. James's Street. The King is also presenting the horses and harness.



THE GREAT EXPLOSION ON A LINER: THE SS. "HAVERFORD."

On June 14, while the "Haverford" was lying in the Huskisson Dock at Liverpool, a tremendous explosion occurred in her hold. Eight men were killed, and between thirty and forty people were injured. The reason of the explosion is unknown.



KING SISOWATH IN FULL STATE DRESS.



KING SISOWATH IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

THE MAGNIFICENCE AND THE MUFTI OF KING SISOWATH OF CAMBODIA.

In full state King Sisowath, now on a visit to France with his troupe of ballet girls, is a very gorgeous person, but even in travelling dress he clings to some symbols of magnificence. When he arrived at Marseilles he wore a dress coat emblazoned with orders, a morning waistcoat with a huge cable chain and seals, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes. He had an apron something like a Freemason's, clasped with a splendid jewel. His costume was completed by a bowler hat with a jewelled knob on the top, something like that on an artilleryman's helmet, and a huge order on the left-hand side.



Photo, Topical Press.

THE MOTOR IN THE HIGHLANDS: A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION DURING THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS.

The annual trial of touring-cars organised by the Scottish Automobile Club has just been concluded. The start was made on Wednesday, the 13th, from Blythswood Square, Glasgow. The vehicles entered showed an increase over last year's number of 100 per cent., and the route was chosen to test the reliability of the modern motor vehicle for touring purposes. The vehicles entered were classified under five heads, according to the selling price of the chassis, and few sustained any more serious trouble than a punctured tyre.

OUR MUSEUM OF MARVELS: CURIOSITIES FROM EAST AND WEST.

STEREOGRAPHS (COPYRIGHT) BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



A TEMPLE THAT ROCKS IN THE WIND: THE SAMPAN PAGODA.

The Cheyteyo Pagoda in Burmah is built upon a rocking stone. It is called the Sampan or Boat Pagoda, from its appearance. The temple rocks whenever there is a strong wind.



A FAMOUS TROTTING OSTRICH THAT HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD.

The ostrich, which is in Jacksonville, Florida, holds the world's record for trotting. It is driven by its owner, an ostrich-farmer of the Southern States.



THE CHINAMAN'S CROOKED WAYS: A ZIG-ZAG BRIDGE.

This quaint bridge, across a river in Shanghai, is another example of the Chinamen's invariable habit of reversing Western ideas. Instead of taking the bridge right, across by the shortest possible route, they have chosen to build the curious zig-zag structure shown in our picture.



EVICTED DEAD BODIES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

These skulls and bones represent the evicted tenants in the cemetery at Manila. They or their successors have failed to pay the necessary rent for the graves, and consequently the remains of their bodies have been tumbled out into a corner.

THE GUARDS' RESTORATION OF HOUGOUMONT FARM, WATERLOO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARK.



1. THE FARM OF HOUGOUMONT; SITE OF THE PROPOSED ENGLISH MEMORIAL IN THE FOREGROUND.
2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.
3. A WAYSIDE SHRINE WHERE MASSES ARE SAID FOR THE SOULS OF THE FALLEN.

4. THE OLD WELL IN THE GROUNDS OF HOUGOUMONT, USED DURING THE BATTLE.
5. THE OLD CHAPEL IN THE GARDEN OF HOUGOUMONT, TO BE RESTORED BY THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS.

6. THE BELGIAN MEMORIAL OF THE BATTLE: THE LION MOUNT.
7. THE COURTYARD OF THE FARM OF HOUGOUMONT.
8. WHERE THE ALLIED GENERALS HELD THEIR FAMOUS MEETING: LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

Monday last was the anniversary of Waterloo, and, in accordance with an annual custom, the Vicar of Christ Church, Brussels, held a service in the old chapel of Hougoumont, and those who went over to take part in it met together at dinner in the evening. The famous old chapel, now fallen sadly into decay and ill-treated by every vulgar tourist who visits it, is to be repaired by the Brigade of Guards, in conjunction with Count van der Burch, the owner of the property.

AN INSPECTING GENERAL IN ARMS: THE TSAREVITCH'S FIRST REVIEW.



A BABY REVIEWING A REGIMENT: THE TSAREVITCH IN THE ARMS OF AN EQUERRY.

The Empress and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna are in the carriage.



THE TSAREVITCH DRIVING BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AFTER THE REVIEW OF THE VIBORG REGIMENT.

The Tsarevitch has already begun his imperial education. On May 29 he was present at the review of the 85th Viborg Regiment, of which the Kaiser William is honorary head, and of the 86th Wilmanstrandt Regiment; both of these have just returned from the Far East. It will be remembered that the Tsarevitch (the Grand Duke Alexis Nicolaievitch) will not be two years old until the 12th of August. He was present throughout the Review, and saw his father, the Tsar, present the medals to the regiments.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN VISIT THE PRINCE'S GIFT TO THE "ZOO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. A RIDE ON THE ELEPHANT.

2. PRINCESS MARY AND HER FATHER.

3. IN THE GROUNDS.

4. PRINCESS MARY FEEDING THE ANIMALS.

5. PRINCESS MARY AT THE ANTELOPE-HOUSE.

6. PART OF THE PRINCE'S GIFT: "NELLIE" THE TIGER.

7. PART OF THE PRINCE'S GIFT: HORNED SHEEP.

8. PART OF THE PRINCE'S GIFT: SPOTTED DEER.

9. PART OF THE PRINCE'S GIFT: "CARLEW" THE RHINOCEROS.

The Prince of Wales's zoological collection, made during his Indian tour, is now housed at Regent's Park, and last week the Prince and Princess, with Princes David and Albert and Princess Mary, visited the "Zoo" and saw the animals in their new home. The royal children rode upon the elephants and fed the animals.

LADIES' PAGE.

MRS. Nicholas Longworth, *née* Miss Alice Roosevelt, is being lionised in London, the King himself dining with the American Ambassador to meet the President's daughter. All this is intended as a compliment to the American people, not merely as a courtesy to the young lady. This is certainly an advantage of having a recognised head of the State—that he



A SUMPTUOUS ASCOT FROCK.

Irish lace is here the entire "fond," while handsome embroidery is used to "gild refined gold." Large enamel buttons finish the cross-over bodice. White crinoline hat.

or she can accept attentions as international civilities, or, in other circumstances, can pay such attentions, which the whole nation so distinguished in the person of its official head may receive as a compliment. It is an exceptional case, however, to have the daughter of a President accepted as the representative of her nation. Mrs. Longworth is very smart-looking, quite characteristically American.

The King's visit to St. Paul's reminds us that men who have carried their lives in their hands, or have suffered the pangs of exile for many years, in the service of the Empire, are rewarded in their own eyes for all they have endured and dared by such an inexpensive payment as the K.C.M.G.—really just "a ribbon to stick on the coat." For distinguished women, too, nowadays there are just a few such rewards available in certain cases. In most countries there are feminine "Orders" which are more freely distributed than those that are given by our own Court. The youthful Queen of Spain has become "Sovereign" of two Orders for women, which she can distribute as she pleases, apart from the King's decorations. One of these, the "Order of Charity" of Spain, is like our own Royal Red Cross, but is given not only for devotion in nursing the sick, but for all charitable services; this Order was founded by the present King's grandmother, Queen Isabella II. It has a star of five points of white enamel, with a black enamel surround, and a figure of Charity in the centre; a white ribbon bordered with a narrow black line is also worn. The other Order is called after a bygone Queen of Spain, "Marie Louise," and gives the right to wear a silver badge and white enamelled cross bordered with violet, also a wide ribbon of violet with a central white stripe, which is worn from the right shoulder to the left hip. It would be pleasant if King Edward determined to institute an Order in the name of his Consort, for her Majesty to confer on eminent women.

Such decorations as are possessed are worn more habitually in Spain than they are here, where it is quite rare to see a man's Orders. This used not to be the case. Lord Malmesbury tells in his Memoirs that his grandfather always wore his Orders when in full dress, and other literary allusions show that such was the general practice. Little Fanny Burney, for instance, mentions her going into a room at Windsor Castle, very dimly lit up, and recognising in the half-light that two of the Princes were there by a flash coming from the diamonds of their stars. But our aristocracy have progressively abandoned their old-world state and ceremony. Lady Beauchamp has been driving in the Park lately in a high carriage with the men on the box in red plush liveries,

silk stockings and powder; this turn-out is now most noticeable, yet it is but a few years ago, comparatively, that such equipages were frequently to be seen. The Queen of Italy drives on the Pincian Hill in a superb gilded coach, with outriders, and footmen behind, and much gold on all the liveries. Truth to tell, if state there is to be, it seems more regal or lordly to maintain a certain degree of assumption in all the surroundings, than for royal personages and peers to be merely as the simplest of citizens in apparel and equipage.

Mr. Seddon was known to many of us from his two visits to his Motherland as Premier of New Zealand. He is to be remembered in the history of Women's Suffrage as the first leader of a political party in our Empire to take up and bring to practical success the enfranchisement of the women of his Colony. It is a fact that many people still do not realise that women have had full right of suffrage in New Zealand for twelve full years past. I had a long talk with Mrs. Seddon during her visit with her husband to England for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. She told me that "New Zealand women got the suffrage by the ordinary machinery of reform: petitions, public meetings, and personal pressure on members of Parliament. It was the Conservatives who were the most in favour of it, as they thought that women were inclined to their side, but this expectation was not justified, for it was a Liberal Ministry, with Mr. Seddon at its head, that gave women the Suffrage, and the women voters have returned Mr. Seddon's Government again at each election since they received the vote in 1893." Since Mrs. Seddon spoke thus to me, nine years more have passed by, and Mr. Seddon had been maintained in office all the time, carrying a series of democratic measures with the sanction of his women constituents. Before women voted, the average life of a Premier (as such) had only been four years. Mrs. Seddon added that she was not in favour of the vote for women beforehand, for elections were previously attended with considerable roughness and turmoil; but experience had made her a thorough convert. Elections have become more orderly, "there has been no unpleasantness of any kind, and it has done the women themselves a great deal of good to take an interest in public affairs." I asked her if there was any "discord in families" in consequence of the married women voting, and she replied that "there is nothing in that at all." Referring to the fear that "the women's vote would be a double vote for her parson," Mrs. Seddon explained that there is no religious education in the New Zealand schools, except such as is given by voluntary teachers and out of the legal school time; it is found that women are as much in favour of this as men in the colony; and Mrs. Seddon declared that "no attempt by a minister of any denomination to interfere as such in their secular business would be tolerated by the women connected with a Church."

At his last visit, three years ago, Mr. Seddon repeated very nearly the same testimony at a dinner given to him by the Vagabonds' Club, and he added that having given the women of New Zealand the right to vote was regarded by himself as one of the most important matters that he had influenced. It is interesting to know that the first change that the women insisted upon having made in the Statute Book for their own benefit was that the divorce laws should be absolutely equal between husband and wife. And it is, perhaps, even more interesting to be informed, in a work on infant mortality just issued by Dr. Newman, Medical Officer of Health for Finsbury, that New Zealand's enfranchised women stand at the head of all the world as mothers. Dr. Newman informs us that New Zealand, with a death-rate of but 81 per 1000 births, "holds the place of honour in the world." England's rate at the same age-period is 146, that of Prussia 207, and in Saxony it is 286—against New Zealand's 81. What a difference! Of course, climate, abundant food, and other conditions have something to say in the matter. But the contrast is enormously in favour of the intelligent, free motherhood of the first British colony to have enfranchised its women. Suffrage there is universal, and wives and daughters living at home, with their parents can all vote.

It is a good idea of a firm that collects certain works of art (and, incidentally, of merchandise) to set their treasures forth periodically for inspection. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody do this bi-annually as regards a form of art in which they are specialists—namely, lace and embroideries and pictures wrought with the needle. Their collection of antique needlework is quite unrivalled. It includes short lengths of embroidery that are to be acquired for a pound or so, and goes on through hangings, coverlets, cushions, articles of attire, etc., up to a set of five magnificent panels of early sixteenth-century Italian embroidery in bright-coloured silk and gold thread which are priced at £2100. These last mentioned sumptuous pieces of needlework are of rare richness and beauty, and will no doubt find a home in some great collection or public museum. There are a number of small but charming needlework pictures, some in the original old satin-wood or gilt or black frames, that can be acquired for private collections at moderate prices. Very quaint and interesting are the miniature gowns, made up in brocade or velvet, and richly embroidered. These are ten to fifteen inches long, and no doubt were used as "models" in those old days before fashion plates existed. There is now to be seen, too, the finest collection of Stuart embroideries ever brought together. Then in another room at the great Wigmore Street establishment of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody there is being shown a grand collection of both modern and antique laces; though many rare specimens are included,

the lace is being offered at tempting prices. There is a regal flounce of old Venetian rose-point, nine inches wide, 3½ yards long, for £400, and there are useful and beautiful short lengths, such as lappets and veils, which can be adapted into fichus, at prices from a guinea upwards. The whole display is worth a visit, even from those who do not intend to purchase.

Ascot's sartorial glories seem to be chiefly concentrating on the wraps. Modestly calling themselves dust-coats, these garments are pressing into their service every kind of beautiful lace, passementerie and ribbon that is available. For a nice coat of the highest degree of smartness, the favourite foundation is white glacé silk, draped over once with chiffon, and upon that basis are superposed complete coats of Irish crochet, or guipure, or other forms of lace, while chené ribbons form big bows at the throat or bust whence floating ends depend to the foot of the garment, and exquisite passementeries act as yoke or cover revers and collars and cuffs. The Empire style is the most favoured, though loose sac shapes are also greatly liked. As there is, of course, to be a smart frock underneath, the dust-coats are all of the loose order. A very fine one sent over from Paris for a pretty young matron to wear at Ascot was built in cream Messaline, embroidered, after being made up, by hand with silk also in cream tones; but the design so raised and padded and shaded as to be very distinctive. It was in Empire form, and a belt of chené ribbon outlined the bust, long ends falling from a big bow centred with an enamel button, the touch of colour being effective. Embroidered linen makes other Paris dust-coats. Sicilian, as Alpaca is now called, is also the material of many a delicate-coloured race-wrap. Face-cloth is another well-selected material for a race-coat, especially "grateful and comforting" on the bleak Berkshire downs. Lady Mary Hamilton chose face-cloth for her "going-away" wrap; an Empire coat in palest willow-green, with Irish lace dyed to exactly the same colour for collar, cuffs, and applications.

"The Summer Girl," as they say across the "big pond," has a nice time of it with her tennis, boating, sea-bathing, and other warm-weather diversions, not to mention motoring, but she is much exposed to the sun and the warm and drying winds, and a sensitive skin suffers. "Rowland's Kalydor" has a high reputation



A SIMPLE RACE-GOWN.

This is built in heliotrope tiffetas, the little coat handsomely embroidered and the points at back and front finished with tassels. White chiffon hat with plumes.

amongst ladies for the relief of all the little but tormenting results of hot weather, whether it be the bites of the insects that the sun calls to activity, or such troubles as arise from the skin's fineness and delicacy—freckles, sunburn, redness, or a rash. "Kalydor" at once allays irritation and soon relieves the trouble. It is guaranteed to contain no lead or harmful ingredient. Of course, all chemists and stores keep this well-known preparation.

Most amusing as well as instructive is a little gift which the proprietors of the well-known nursery and hygienic soap, "Wright's Coal-Tar Soap," are offering to children. It is a booklet with a quaint little rhymed story, and a series of outline pictures for a child to paint, prizes being offered for the best-finished specimens. Any chemist will give a copy of the booklet free on application.

FILOMENA.

Odol

Mouth Competition.

INFINITE in their variety are mouths. Indeed, we all know that no two are alike, however close may be the resemblance between them. Nor less varied are teeth, which, related though they are in structural outline, are yet as distinctive of the individual as the mouth, face, or physique generally. In one respect all teeth are alike. Happily,

The Proprietors of the Odol Chemical Works offer a series of Prizes to be competed for. On this page are reproductions of 24 mouths, selected from the photographs of celebrated and well-known living personages and celebrities. Those who take

part in this Competition are requested to cut out the advertisement, and write the names of the owners of the mouths under each illustration, adding their own name and address in the space set apart for the purpose. There will be found under

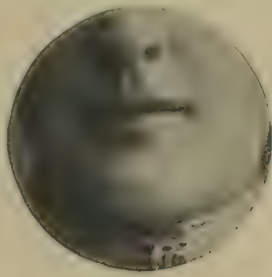
it is a characteristic which could ill be spared, for it is the way in which they yield to the cleansing and brightening process of Odol which is recognised throughout the civilised world as the most perfect liquid antiseptic dentifrice which science has been able to evolve for purifying the mouth, cleansing the teeth and preserving them from decay.

each picture an indication that will help to find the correct names. The correct solutions are securely locked in the Manager's private safe, and will be seen by no one until after the close of the Competition.

Whose Mouth is it . . . ?



1
(Royal Personage).



2
(Royal Personage).



3
(Royal Personage).



4
(Royal Personage).



5
(Statesman).



6
(Statesman).



7
(Soldier).



8
(Soldier).



11
(Sportsman).



12
(Actress).



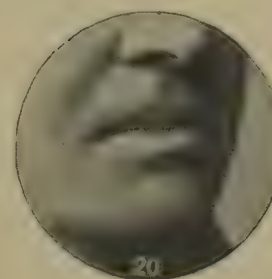
15
(Actress).



16
(Author).



19
(Distinguished Personage).



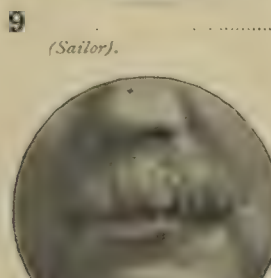
20
(Sailor).



21
(Soldier).



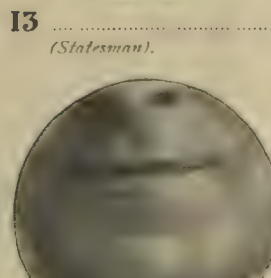
22
(Soldier).



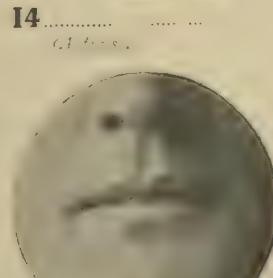
9
(Sailor).



10
(Celebrated Inventor).



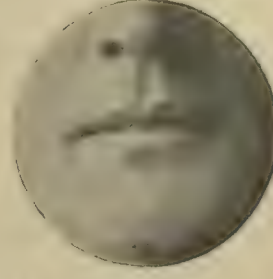
13
(Statesman).



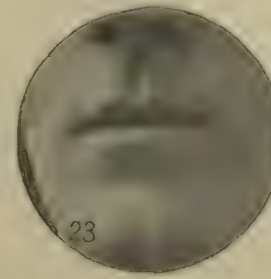
14
(Actor).



17
(Famous Actor).



18
(Preacher).



23
(Famous Actor).



24
(Actor-Manager).



Name and Address of Competitor:—

First Prize - - - £20
Second " - - - 10
Third " - - - 5
And 15 Prizes of One Guinea

FIRST PRIZE to the sender of the first letter opened, containing all or the greatest number of correct solutions. **SECOND PRIZE** to second, and **THIRD PRIZE** to third letter opened, containing all or the next greatest numbers of correct solutions. The **15 PRIZES of a Guinea** for the next 15 letters opened, furnishing all or the next highest numbers of correct solutions. Winners of these Guinea prizes will have the option of receiving in place of cash 10 half-crown flasks of Odol. As **Consolation Prizes** a complimentary bottle of Odol will be awarded to all taking part in the Competition who do not secure either of the Prizes, but send in more than 20 correct solutions.

The Prizes will thus be awarded in any case, even if no solution be entirely correct. The Manager's decision is to be taken as final. No correspondence can be entertained. This Competition closes on August 30, 1906, 12 o'clock noon. No letter will be opened before.

CONDITIONS.

1. Cut out the advertisement, or order a copy of it, by postcard, from the Odol Chemical Works (see address below), stating the name of this paper.
2. Write, very distinctly, one name only under each picture.
3. Post advertisement together with one of the prospectuses in which the Odol Flask is wrapped when purchased at the Chemists or Stores, enclosed in an envelope clearly marked "Mouth Competition," addressed to The Manager, Odol Chemical Works, Southwark Bridge Buildings, 50 to 63, Park Street, S.E., to arrive not later than Thursday, August 30, first post.

TO IRELAND ON IRISH BOATS.

THE Belfast Steam-ship Company's fine boat *Heroic* recently arrived in Liverpool from Belfast on her maiden trip. Having maintained during the trip a speed of twenty knots per hour, the new cross-Channel steamer fulfilled all the expectations of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the builders, and of the owners. She was berthed at the company's quay in the Prince's Dock. The public were invited to an inspection between the hours of twelve and three, during which time Mr. Thomas Gallaher, Mr. M'Dowell, and officials of the company were present to receive visitors. These, numbering about 300, represented different railway companies, coasting passenger steam-ship companies,



THE LOUNGE OF THE "HEROIC."



THE STEAM-SHIP "HEROIC."



THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE "HEROIC."

THE ACCELERATED SERVICE TO IRELAND BY THE BELFAST STEAM-SHIP COMPANY.

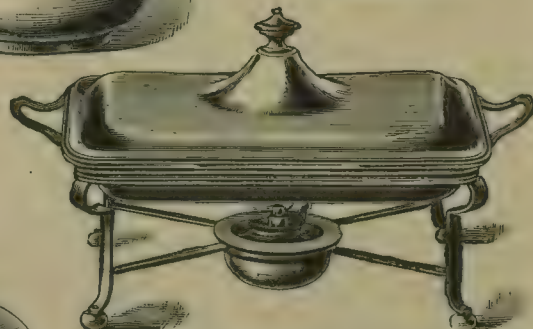
Mappin & Webb Ltd.,

Mappin Brothers

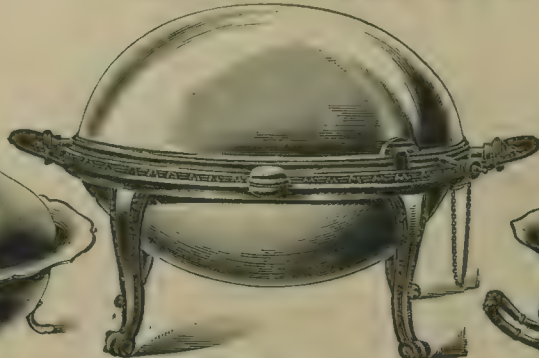


Entrée Dish, Prince's Plate, £4 0 0

Plain "Georgian" Service.			
	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.	
Coffee Pot, 2 pints ..	£4 5 0	£7 15 0	
Tea Pot, 2 pints ..	4 0 0	7 5 0	
Sugar	2 5 0	3 5 0	
Cream	2 2 0	2 15 0	
Kettle, 2 pints ..	6 10 0	15 0 0	



Oblong shape Breakfast Dish, 9½ in. long, with loose inner dish.
 Prince's Plate ... £5 10 0
 Sterling Silver ... 18 0 0



Revolving Soup Tureen or Breakfast Dish, 10 in. long.
 Prince's Plate, £7 15s.



Muffin Dish.
 Prince's Plate... £3 5 0
 Sterling Silver .. 10 0 0



Green and Gold Highly Glazed "Terrecuite" Stew Dish; in Prince's Plate frame.
 8½ in. diameter £1 15 0
 9 " " 1 18 0
 9½ " " 2 2 0



Prince's Plate "James I." Round Vegetable Dish, 10 in. diam., with divisions and drainer, £5 10s. With Hot-water Compartment added, £6 10s. Complete in Sterling Silver, £22 10s.

Brown "Terrecuite" "Marmite," in Prince's Plate frame.			
5½ inches diameter, ..	£1	3	0
7 " " ..	1	6	0
7½ " " ..	1	10	0
8 " " ..	1	13	0

London
 Show
 Rooms:

220, Regent Street, W.
 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W.

Sheffield.

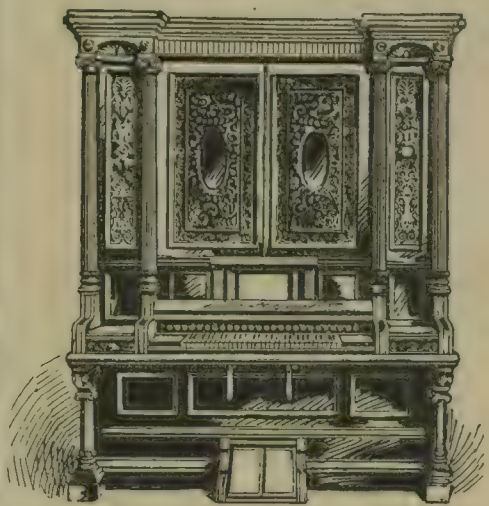
Manchester.

Paris

Nice.

Johannesburg.

THE ÆOLIAN ORCHESTRELLE.



MASSENET, the great French composer, describes the Æolian's place in music:

"To give to a musical work an absolute and exact interpretation, to make clear the composer's most intimate thoughts; to bring into play a wealth of execution which only the orchestra can give; in a word to translate all the shades of colouring intended by the composer—this is the achievement of the Æolian."

The Æolian is a complete orchestra condensed within the limits of one instrument which anyone can play.

It can always be seen at Æolian Hall, where you are invited to call. Catalogue 25 gives fuller information and will be sent on request.

The ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,
Æolian Hall.

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WARING'S WONDERFUL WEEK.

IT is difficult, without appearing to exaggerate, to write of the extraordinary and brilliant success of the Reception Week with which the opening of Waring's new building in Oxford Street was inaugurated. To say that nothing like it has ever taken place before is only a bare truism. There have been "opening weeks" in connection with great business enterprises in the United States, but in all such cases the doors have been thrown open to everyone, and the invitation to the public to come and inspect has been general. At Waring's, on the other hand, nobody could obtain admission without a ticket, and the fact that many thousands of people day after day should have taken the trouble to write or personally apply for tickets to what, reduced to the lowest terms, was the opening of a commercial concern, is not only wonderful in itself, but is, moreover, a splendid tribute to the high artistic reputation of the firm, to the triumphant organisation of its advertising campaign, and, not least, to the magnificent display of glorious galleries and recherche rooms which its visitors were invited to view. Never before has a business development been elevated into a great society function by day and a great popular entertainment by night. Never before has a stream of people, eight or ten abreast, and nearly a quarter of a mile long, waited patiently till its slow forward movement gave them the eagerly-waited

opportunity of admission. This phenomenon occurred not on one or two days only: it occurred every day of the week. Each day eclipsed the record of its predecessor. A continuous stream of carriages, motor-

discharged their whole loads of passengers in front of Waring's premises. The scene reminded one of some great concourse of the élite at a fashionable summer fête, of the first night of a new play produced under the most promising auspices, of the rush to Lord's for an Oxford and Cambridge match.

And for six consecutive days this went on, practically from ten in the morning till ten at night. A great army of clerical employees was kept each day at high pressure taking down the addresses of applicants, and issuing tickets. On Tuesday her Majesty the Queen, on her own initiative, spent two hours at the exhibition, and was enthusiastic in her gracious approval of all that she saw. On Friday her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales also honoured the establishment with a private visit, and on both occasions the reception of the general public had, of course, to be suspended. As soon, however, as the royal visitors had left there were vast and expectant crowds eager for admission. Ladies of title were there by the hundred; beautifully dressed women by the thousand. It is altogether idle to suppose for a moment that the fact of this display being in the nature of a

great private view, without the usual accompaniment of sales, was solely responsible for such an enormous attendance. The event indicated a real interest in decorative art, and a strong desire to be educated in the newest ideas on the subject.



THE RUSH TO WARING'S: THE WONDERFUL SCENE OUTSIDE THE GREAT NEW FURNISHING PALACE.

cars and cabs drew up to the carriage-entrance the whole of the afternoon, and thousands of fashionably attired ladies followed each other *en queue* from the upper part of Great Titchfield Street, on the one side, and from Berners Street on the other, to Waring's entrance in Oxford Street. Hundreds of omnibuses

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ART NOTES.

THE exhibition of Mr. A. E. John's etchings at the Chenil Gallery in the King's Road, Chelsea, is the first intimation that a new name must be enrolled in the small list of great etchers. Mr. John's work is undoubtedly great in some of its qualities; perhaps his own assurance of greatness is the main quality, the base from which he is able to do such fine work. That the emphasis, the swiftness, the unhesitating line, that mark the assurance of greatness are seldom unauthorised by actual power is one of the honesties of art. It is by some unexplained law forbidden to the mere pretender to power to use such a free technique as Mr. John's. But while its very freedom and impulse is its genius, its genius suffers from both an excess of freedom and the too-seldom exercise of constraint upon its impulse.

Mr. John has never set pencil to paper or needle to copper without summoning the impulse and energy to make an impulsive and energetic work of art. Draughtsmanship without the flaming interest which he can always fan to life in himself would be to him an occupation as dull and impossible as book-keeping. It is this necessity for the flaming interest that has sent Mr. John always to the study of the human face or of the nude. And when he has not the stimulation of the living model he must be fantastic or morbid: he cannot dwell for a moment with mediocrities. A constant enthusiasm must lead us into excitements that are sometimes hardly worth while; Mr. John, although careful never to be enthusiastic over mean things, is enthusiastic over mean people. While he can draw with most exquisite feeling the beauties of form, he can also draw in a slovenly way (having, of course, some other keen interest in hand) the slovenly forms of

ugliness. Haggard and unkempt nudity is not infrequent in these etchings. But Mr. John is a great etcher of the present; he cannot be adjudged like a great etcher of the past. This fragment of his life-work will be shaped and welded into the whole, so that, perhaps, what now

stimulating and corrective admixture of English and foreign exhibits which does nothing to denationalise art and everything to raise the level of its technique. Among contributions sent by such men as M. Henri le Sidaner and M. Gaston Guignard, those of Englishmen are perhaps less convincing as to the absolute rightness of the medium that has been employed. Mr. Tuke, one suspects, could have given us his "Green Waters" as properly in paints. Mr. Melton Fisher his "The Poem," and Mr. Maclure Hamilton his "Waiting." Each of these three works is of notable merit; but perhaps Mr. Bernard Partridge's "Pastorale" illustrates better than they the effects which pastels can achieve where oil and water-colour fall short. M. Sidaner's "San Giorgio, Venice," and, hardly less, M. René Billotte's "Fin du Jour à Dolce Agua," and M. Menard's "L'Estuaire de l'Odéon" are more conclusive proofs of the need which the artist has for this medium. Mr. George Clausen's out-of-door sketches are almost equally happy, and we have reminders of the late Mr. Brabazon's exquisite eye for colour and his rare discrimination in the use of means to an end. W. M.



Photo, Topical.

THE FORTHCOMING GORDON BENNETT BALLOON CONTEST: A COMPETITOR.

The inaugural ascent of one of the three balloons entered for the Gordon Bennett Aeronautical Cup, to be held in Paris on September 30, took place on Saturday at half-past two from the Wandsworth Gasworks. The balloon is named the "City of London." It is of 77,000 cubic feet capacity, and is entered by Mr. Frank H. Butler. Among the Aero Club members who accompanied Mr. Butler and made the ascent were Lord Royston, the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, Miss Heron-Maxwell, Mr. C. F. Pollock, Professor Huntington, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. Moore Brabazon, and Mr. Wright. The balloon went off in a south-easterly direction, followed by several of the members of the Club in motor-cars. The descent was made at Banstead.

may appear disproportionate and crude may be lost among other and nobler qualities.

The work of the Pastel Society, on view at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters, has that

the well-known water engineer, and of Messrs. John Aird, the greatest of engineering firms. From far-off springs water has been conducted to reservoirs ensuring a minimum supply of 20,000 gallons a day, even in dry weather.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OTHELLO." AT THE LYRIC.

NOW that the career of "Brigadier Gerard" has ended at the Lyric Theatre, Mr. Lewis Waller is able at last to transfer his production of "Othello" to the evening bill, and playgoers in general will be grateful for being thus afforded more extended facilities for witnessing a very interesting and powerfully cast revival. To the splendid declamation of Mr. Waller himself as

sonation of Cassio; still, in Mr. Owen Roughwood we have an efficient substitute.

MADAME RÉJANE AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

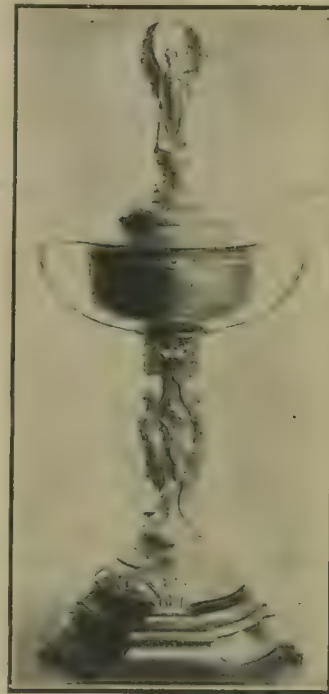
To M. Coquelin, Madame Réjane has succeeded at the New Royalty, and now it only needs the arrival of the Bernhardt for the tale of our customary theatrical visitors from France to be complete this summer. Madame Réjane, who reappeared in London last Monday night, enhanced the pleasure which her many admirers this side the Channel derive merely from renewed contact with her radiant personality and consummate artistry, by making her rentrée in an absolutely new play, and that a very charming play also. "Suzeraine," as it is styled, is a version prepared by M. Dario Nicodemus of Henry Harland's dainty novel, "My Lady Paramount," and its heroine is the beautiful young Queen of a tiny Adriatic island who finds she is not the rightful sovereign of her kingdom, and comes to England to discover and charm and fall in love with a country gentleman, who is the legitimate ruler. Obviously a Zenda princess of this type is not exactly the sort of part that is suited to Réjane's genius, but there is no such thing as failure in this great artist's dictionary. She dresses herself as twenty-one, with auburn hair and muslin frock and sun-bonnet, and if she does not give us romance, she provides us, assisted ably by M. Magnier, with most piquant comedy scenes, and the happiest bursts of humour.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

That amiable American comedy, "The Lion and the Mouse," having unaccountably failed, despite an interesting theme and first-rate interpretation, to win favour with Londoners, Mr. Charles Frohman has fallen back at the Duke of York's upon old successes and home-grown artists—in other words, he is now relying on a programme which is made up of Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's ingenious adaptation, "The Marriage of Kitty," and Mr. Barrie's delightful fantasy, "Pantaloone," with Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Albert Chevalier as chief members of the company. There is no need at this time of day to enlarge on the entertaining qualities of either of these plays, which are both of them familiar to and popular with London playgoers; and similarly Miss Marie Tempest's brilliant comedy-acting in the title-role of "La Pasette" is too well-known to call for fresh encomiums.

THE GUILBERT AND CHEVALIER RECITALS.

Yvette Guilbert is once again with us, and a happy managerial inspiration has arranged that the inimitable *désen* should join our popular English entertainer, Mr. Chevalier, at the Duke of York's in a series of matinée recitals. The combination of the two artists, no less than the contrast afforded by their very dissimilar methods, is piquant, for while Mr. Chevalier with a patient and meticulous carefulness revels in adding stroke to stroke, detail to detail, in some elaborate and yet minute piece of characterisation, Madame Guilbert is a lightning quick magician, a creature of the keenest sensibility and most audacious humour, who is able to exploit her personality in what seem endless and inexhaustible variations. Mr. Chevalier's gallery of portraits embraces such different types as a "fallen" stage "star," a rustic yokel, a workhouse pauper, and a fashionable curate, and the famous "coster" comedian has not forgotten how to render his "Little Nipper" ditty with every point made and yet without a touch of exaggeration. Madame Guilbert still retains in her repertory the most delightful of her Pompadour and Crinoline songs, in the rendering of which she exhibits an enunciation that is as clear-cut and an appreciation of subtle distinctions of mood and feeling that is as delicate as ever; and she has included in her programme various English songs—"The Keys of Heaven," for instance—which she intones with a quite wonderful lack of Gallic accent.



THE MANCHESTER GOLD CUP FOR 1906.

The trophy is fashioned in modelled and repoussé work delicately executed. The stem is formed of two female figures supporting the arms of the city of Manchester. The whole is surmounted by a beautifully modelled figure of a winged Victory holding a wreath. The trophy was designed and modelled by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, at their Manchester house.



THE NEW ARROL-JOHNSTON VERTICAL-ENGINE CAR IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

The new 24-30 h.p. car is of peculiar interest. The name of the firm has been made solely by vehicles propelled by horizontal engines. Until recently they put on the market engines only up to 20 h.p., and in a variety of competitions they have shown that horizontal engines up to this power produce better results than the ordinary vertical type of motor. As the result of the most exhaustive experiments, they have scientifically demonstrated that the true province of the vertical engine begins only with motors yielding more than 20 h.p. Hence the fact that the Arrol-Johnston 24-30 h.p. engine is a vertical one.

the Moor (splendid, if not quite convincing, the note of the performance being one of rhetorical romanticism rather than of tragic simplicity and passion), to the intellectual subtlety of Mr. H. B. Irving's interpretation of the character of Iago, to the beautiful ingenuousness of Miss Evelyn Millard's Desdemona, and to the emotional strenuousness of Miss Wynne Matthison's rather too refined Emilia, full tribute has been paid quite recently in these columns. The only absentee of note from the original company is Mr. Ainley, whose duties at the Savoy prevent his repeating his memorable imper-

artists—in other words, he is now relying on a programme which is made up of Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's ingenious adaptation, "The Marriage of Kitty," and Mr. Barrie's delightful fantasy, "Pantaloone," with Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Albert Chevalier as chief members of the company. There is no need at this time of day to enlarge on the entertaining qualities of either of these plays, which are both of them familiar to and popular with London playgoers; and similarly Miss Marie Tempest's brilliant comedy-acting in the title-role of "La Pasette" is too well-known to call for fresh encomiums.

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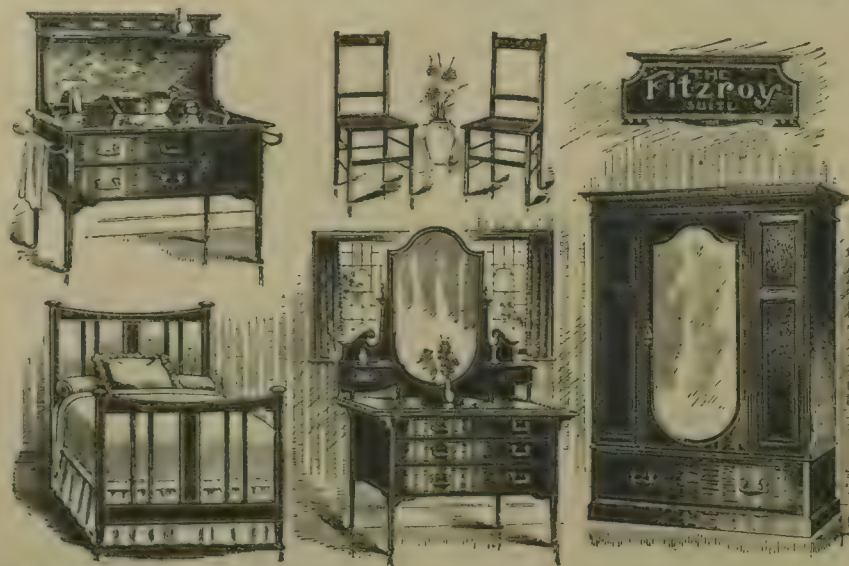
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE foundations of the first part of Liverpool Cathedral are now completed, including the two towers and the cross transept. The Bishop of Liverpool, speaking last week at the annual meeting of the committee, said the Cathedral was to be built by every school of thought among Church-people in the diocese, and would be of such a character when finished that reasonable Churchmen of every school would be able to worship God there in spirit and in truth.

The late Canon Richard Travers Smith, D.D., had long been one of the most influential leaders of the Church in Ireland. From 1871 till 1904 he was incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Elgin Road, Dublin. He was a man of wide learning and a High Churchman of the older school. After Disestablishment he strongly opposed any revision of the Prayer Book, and became the leader of a small body of men, called by Archbishop Trench "Gideon's band," who fought and won the battle against revision.

Some interesting speeches were made at the annual meeting of the Archbishop's Mission to the Assyrian Churches, held last week at Lambeth Palace. Lord Percy reminded his audience that the mission made no attempt to convert Mahomedans to Christianity. He did not believe such attempts were hopeless, but he doubted whether they would ever succeed through the agency of a Western Church. The East had not always offered the same opposition to Christianity, but from the time of the Crusaders the preaching of Christianity had been associated, in the minds of Eastern Governments, with political designs.

The beautiful Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, which was dedicated at St. Paul's in Trinity week, is still without a reredos for the east end. Plates will be fixed on the back of the stalls, bearing the heraldic

charges of each occupant. While the banner will be removed at the death of the occupant, the plate will retain its position as a memorial. The whole of the woodwork of the stalls is made of Rangoon teak.

Prebendary Ingram, Rector of St. Margaret's, Cheapside, is again organising the London Poor Clergy Holiday Fund. Many underpaid assistant-curates and inadequately endowed incumbents would have no opportunity of leaving London during the whole summer but for the help of this fund. Prebendary Ingram has carried on this excellent work for thirty years. The Fund was originally established by the present Archbishop of York.

The total episcopal roll of the Anglican Communion in England and America numbers 340. That interesting publication, the "List of Bishops of the Anglican Church," informs us that in England and Wales there are thirty-seven diocesan and twenty-eight Suffragan Bishops, besides several assistants who have resigned sees.

The late Bishop Bompas, who died in the Yukon territory, in his seventy-eighth year, was one of the most successful workers among the Indians of the North-West of Canada. He studied the native languages, and lived among the Indians in their tents as one of themselves. He resigned the charge of the diocese of Selkirk in 1905, but continued to reside there till the end.

A Canadian Rural Dean, writing in the *Guardian*, says that present conditions are bright with promise for the Canadian Church. "She is at last a united body, fully alive to her manifold responsibilities, and has become naturalised and nationalised. She has taken root in the soil and her branches are filling the land. The impending amalgamation of the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists will be greatly to her indirect gain. The number of competing organisations throughout the country will be immensely lessened."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Aug. 13, 1897) of SIR ARTHUR SPENCER WELLS, BART., of the Travellers' Club, who died on April 31, has been proved by Miss Evelyn Margaret Wells, the sister, the value of the property amounting to £25,097. He gives all his paintings and pictures to his sister Theodosia Mary Wells, and his books and manuscripts to his sister Evelyn Margaret, and the residue of the estate to his sisters in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1906) of MRS. EMILY PETHERICK, widow, of Bramham Gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 10, was proved on June 10 by George Tallack Petherick, the son, James William Henry Barrett, and Everard Godwin Thorne, the value of the estate amounting to £222,519. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 each to her daughters, Margaret Barrett, Alice Hext, and Florence Hext, and fifty shares of £100 each in the Hodbarrow Mining Company, and £20,000 is to be held in trust for each of them and their issue; £5000 to her niece Alexa Maud Petherick; £1500 in trust for her niece Ellen Petherick; £1500 each to her nephews William, Herbert, and Arthur Petherick; £200 per annum to her sister-in-law, Anna Petherick; £100 a year to her brother-in-law, Charles Petherick; and large legacies to servants. All other her property she gives to her son.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1903) of SIR DAVID DALE, BART., of West Lodge, Darlington, has been proved by Sir James Backhouse Dale, Bart., the son, Edward Hutchinson, and George Todd, the value of the estate amounting to £121,831. Sir David gives £10,000 and his plate, horses, and carriages to his son; £500 to the Rev. John Dale; £100 to Charles Brown; £1000 to George Todd; £1000 to the Grammar School; £500 to the Girls' High School; £300 to the Hospital; and £200 to the Royal Nurses' Association, all of

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One ounce contains more food value than a beef steak.

ONE TENTH THE COST.

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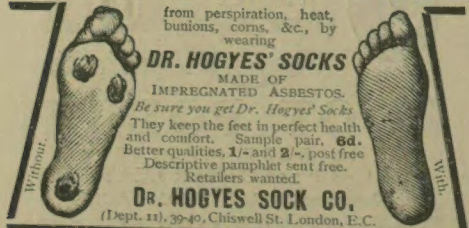
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Made from Selected Apples. See Analyst's Reports. Special Brands—"IMPERIAL" & "APPLE & BLOSSOM." Supplied in Casks and Bottles by all the leading Bottlers.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.



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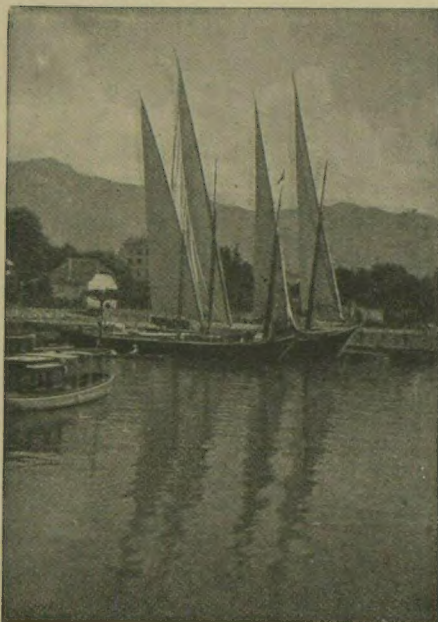
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By Appointment

By Appointment



to H.M. The King.

CEREBOS SALT



to H.R.H.
The Prince of Wales.

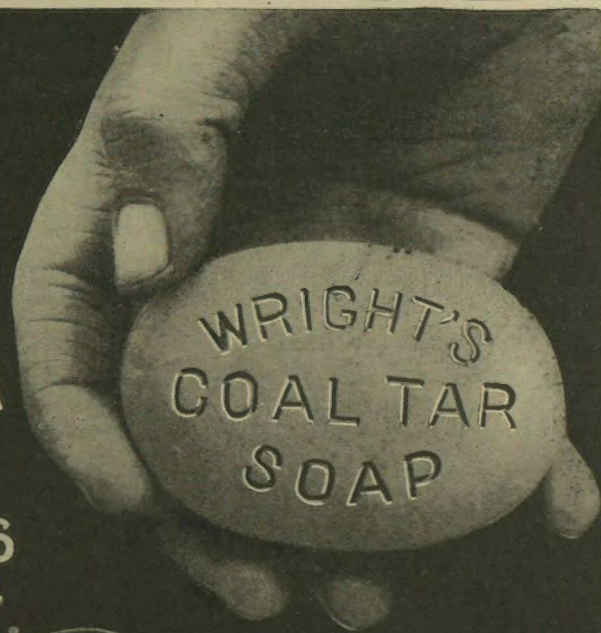
If CEREBOS Salt is used in making White Bread, it will give

**FOR TABLE AND
KITCHEN.**

it the same valuable and nutritive qualities as Whole Meal Bread.



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that's
right,



No
other
for
me!

Darlington. One-half of the residuary estate he leaves to his son and the other half to his daughter.

The will (dated July 9, 1898) of MR. JOSEPH BROOKSHAW, of Glendale, Eccles, Lancashire, who died on April 28, has been proved by his sons Percy Brookshaw, Edwin Brookshaw, and William Kay Brookshaw, Arthur Neild Windsor, and Ebenezer Black Scott, the value of the property being sworn at £113,999. The testator gives £5000 each to his children; and £1600, the household furniture, and £600 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Brookshaw. During the life of his wife the income from the residue of his property is to be paid to his children, and on her decease the capital sum divided among them equally.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1900), with three codicils, of MR. GEORGE KING HARRISON, of Hagley, Worcester, who died on April 16, has been proved by George Herbert Harrison and William King Harrison, the sons, the value of the property being £112,238 16s. 3d. The testator gives £6000, in trust, for his son Frank Ashworth, and the residue of his property among his children, George Herbert, William King, Henry Ashworth, Ernest Charles, Mabel, Elsie Letitia, and Isabella.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1905), with a codicil, of the REV. JOHN BECK WICKES, of Boughton, Northampton,

who died on March 25, has been proved by the Rev. William Henry Longe and Alfred Page, the value of the property being £57,174. The testator gives 2½ per cent. of the net value of his property to his executors, and the residue thereof for such charitable institutions as they may select.

The will (dated April 15, 1902) of MR. HIGFORD HIGFORD, of Hartsfield, near Betchworth, Surrey, who died on April 28, was proved on May 30 by Mrs. Julia Charlotte Higford, the widow, and the Hon. Norman Macleod Sinclair, the value of the real and personal estate being £308,969. The testator gives all the household furniture, etc., to his wife, and during her life the incomes of his daughters are to be made up to £500 per annum. Subject thereto, the whole of the property is to be held in trust for Mrs. Higford for life, and then in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated June 15, 1899) of MRS. GERTRUDE CHARLOTTE FELLOWES, of 6, Bryanston Square, and Kingston House, Dorchester, who died on April 25, has been proved by James Herbert Benyon, the son, and Francis Henry Astley Manners Sutton, the value of the estate amounting to £74,048. The testatrix bequeaths the income from £4000 stock to the Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Laura Manners Sutton; £1000 to her son; £200 to Frances

H. A. Manners Sutton; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter, Mrs. Georgina Charlotte Preston.

The will (dated June 16, 1857) of MR. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, of 11, Ditchling Road, Brighton, who died on Jan. 10, has been proved by Mrs. Fanny Jane Blaker, the value of the property being £92,156. Subject to a legacy of £100 to his executrix, he leaves all his property to the children of his deceased brother and sisters, John Oliver Smith, Margaret Metcalfe, and Frances Mary Slade.

The will (dated June 20, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM LOWNDES, of The Bury, Chesham, Bucks, whose death took place on Nov. 12, was proved on May 30 by Arthur Roberts and Frederick How, the value of the property being sworn at £452,310. The testator gives £300 to the Chesham Cottage Hospital; £4000 to Arthur Roberts; £2000 to Frederick How; £7000 each to his half-sisters Clara Lowndes, Mary Frith, and Ann Lowndes; £2000 each to his cousins Charles, Henry William, and Joseph Lee Lowndes; £1000 to William Frederick Lowndes Frith; and other legacies. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he settles on William Frederick Lowndes Frith for life, with remainder to his son William Geoffrey Lowndes Frith and the heirs male.

BABY'S AWFUL MISERY.

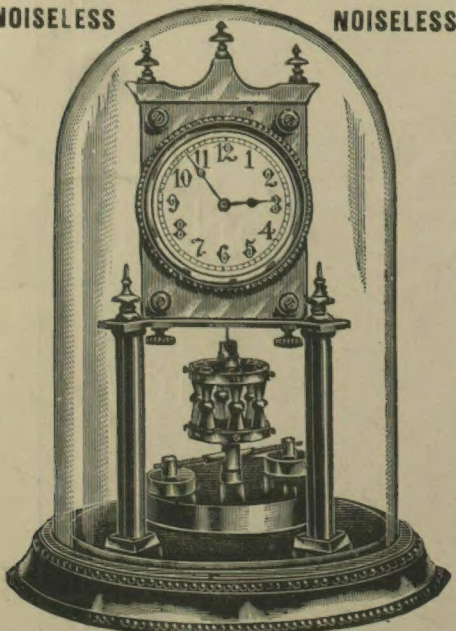
EYES SORE AND INFLAMED AND EYELASHES FELL OUT. SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA.

"My little son had an attack of measles, which left his eyes in a shocking state. The lids were inflamed and sore, and every lash fell out. They would be stuck in the morning, and bleed when washed, causing untold suffering to the child. I tried nearly everything without success until I got Cuticura, and from the first application I have had cause to be thankful. Before I had used one box of Cuticura Ointment the lashes were growing, and at the end of a few months he had a crop of lashes of which any person might be proud."—Mrs. C. Todd, Old South Head Road, Waverly, Sydney, N.S.W. Reference, R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

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UNRIVALED
FOR
PREVENTING
MOTH
NO SICKENING SMELL.
ABSOLUTE PRESERVATIVE.
ONLY COSTS A TRIFLE.
Tins 3d., 6d. and 1s.

Woodgloss
For Furniture and Motor Cars.
BETTER THAN FURNITURE CREAM.
Gives more brilliant results.
Disinfects. Patent Cap prevents spilling.
Gold Medal Awarded.
Ask your Dealer for a 6d. or 1/- bottle to-day.
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400 DAYS WITHOUT RE-WINDING.
A wonderful piece of mechanism.
THE LATEST THING IN CLOCKS.
Observe there is no swinging pendulum. IT REVOLVES.
NOISELESS NOISELESS



No ticking to keep you awake. Accurate Timekeeper. Handsome Ornament. Diameter base, 7½. Height, 10½.

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Every machine guaranteed by the largest Carpet Sweeper makers in the world.



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Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1879 and 1880; Melbourne, 1880 and 1881; and Calcutta, 1883 and 1884.



Price from £15 15s.

Cross-bolt or my Treble-grip Action.

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**DR. PIERRE'S
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For Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth & Gums.

Celebrated for its Aromatic and Antiseptic Qualities due to the vegetable substances used in its preparation. Contains no Acid.

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Samples for a week's use, 3d., post free from Depot C—
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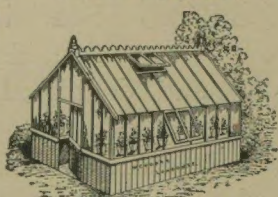
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MAKES THE SKIN
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THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.
In Packets (containing 1 doz.) from 6d. to 2s.
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SOUTHALL'S SANITARY SHEETS (for Accouche-ment), in three sizes, 1-, 2-, and 26 each.
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists.

GREENHOUSES.

TENANT'S FIXTURE.

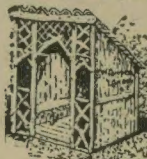


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Substantially constructed, fitted with door. Necessary ventilators, with irons for opening, and stages for plants each side. Painted one coat; good 16 oz. glass. Carefully marked for erecting.

7 ft. by 5 ft. 2 17 6
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RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSES.



No. 102.

5 ft. long, 3 ft. 6 in. deep. Cash Price, £3 10s.



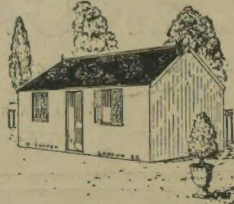
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PORTABLE WOOD BUILDINGS.

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Suitable for Workshops, Dwellings, Store Rooms, Offices, Stables, Tool or Potting Sheds, and numerous other purposes. Erected by any handy man in a few hours.

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8 ft.	6 ft.	3 5 0	10 ft.	12 ft.	11 5 0
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12 ft.	8 ft.	5 15 0	12 ft.	15 ft.	27 10 0
15 ft.	9 ft.	7 10 0	12 ft.	16 ft.	32 0 0

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THE "FAVOURITE" POULTRY HOUSE.

Made in sections, simply screw together, complete with door in side, lock and key, and window at end, with flap at back for access to nest-boxes. A raised floor about 2 ft. from ground so as to form a dry run underneath nest. Fitted with perch, ladder, nest-box, &c.



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